

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

NO. 49.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:56 A. M. Daily.	
7:29 A. M. Daily.	
12:49 P. M. Daily.	
2:47 P. M. Daily.	
4:19 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	
SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
11:13 A. M. Daily.	
12:10 P. M. Daily.	
5:05 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:19 P. M. Saturdays Only.	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R.

TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every forty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.	
ARRIVE.	DEPART.
9:00	9:35
10:00	10:15
10:40	10:55
11:20	11:35
12:00	12:15
12:40	12:55
1:20	1:35
2:00	2:15
2:40	2:55
3:20	3:35
4:00	4:15
4:40	4:55
5:20	5:35
6:00	6:05

STR. CAROLINE.....CAPT. LEALE

TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abasco, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 P. M.
Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m., to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m., to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

From the North.....9:00 3:00
South.....10:00 6:45

MAIL CLOSURE.

No. 5, South.....8:30 a. m.
No. 14, North.....9:30 a. m.
No. 13, South.....2:30 p. m.
No. 6, North.....6:00 p. m.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.
Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.....	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.....	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.....	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.....	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.....	Redwood City
COUNTY CLERK AND RECORDER	
J. F. Johnston.....	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
Wm. P. McEvoy.....	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.....	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Thibon.....	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.....	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.....	Redwood City

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following letters remain unclaimed at Postoffice, Baden, Cal., October 1, 1896:
D. R. Church, L. C. Duns, Antonio Hare, A. A. March, Leon Marshall, George O'Brien, Pary West. Foreign—Harold Ebright, Christian Kinsli, Peter Terry.
E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

Trouble Over Shipments.

The New York fruit importers and buyers are in a serious quarrel over the methods of opening and examining cargoes of imported citrus fruits. The matter has gone so far that downright fraud is charged by the buyers against the importers, and the Mayor of New York was appealed to to stop it. This he can do by reason of his power over the auctioneers, who are under bonds. The auctioneers are not charged with any complicity in the transaction, but the Mayor very properly holds that it is part of their duty to assure perfect fairness in all auctions conducted by them, and that they must find some way to do so. The fraud complained of is the "trimming" of the sample boxes opened by removing decayed fruit and substituting sound specimens. The affair appears to be in a fair way of settlement by new regulations in regard to opening, agreed upon between the importers and buyers' organizations.

The rains this season in Candelaria, Mexico, have been the heaviest known, in that section for ten years, and have proved exceedingly destructive to property. Mining property has suffered losses to the extent of thousands of dollars.

Miss Frances E. Willard calls on the W. C. T. U. of this country in the name of home against harem, to organize meetings and urge government to co-operate with England in putting a stop to the Armenian outrages.

PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Important Information from All Over the Coast.

NEWS OF THE WEEK CONDENSED.

A Budget of Miscellaneous Jottings Briefly and Curtly Told in this Column.

James W. Sperry has died in Stockton.

Major-General Nelson A. Miles is at Del Monte.

Ventura is sending most of her beans to Texas.

The Foresters will meet in San Jose October 14th.

The tanbark industry is flourishing in Monterey county.

Alamitos Beach is talking about incorporating as a city.

Freighting business from Fresno has started on the Valley road.

The Visalia Natatorium will be heated by steam for winter use.

The cultivation of tobacco in San Diego county is a big success.

Three runaway San Francisco boys have been arrested in San Jose.

A Poultry Breeders' Association has been organized in Riverside county.

The Perris New Era reports a lively shock of earthquake of recent occurrence.

The Election Commissioners have begun the selection of 3000 election officers.

The chimes of Trinity Church, San Francisco, have been caught in a phonograph.

Santa Clara county contains more than one-half of all the prune trees in the United States.

A large portion of the old Spanish section in Los Angeles was destroyed by fire the other night.

To Santa Clara county railway assessments have been adopted by the Board of Supervisors.

Eastern capitalists are talking of building a suburban railway from Los Angeles to La Canyada.

Carpenteria will have a few pampas plumes this year, a small matter of half a million, more or less.

A futile attempt was made to wreck a train one day last week on the Great Northern near Snohomish, Wash.

The Lick Observatory expedition has returned, after failing to photograph the eclipse of the sun in Japan.

The Southern Pacific will soon be running regular trains into San Bernardino over the old motor line.

The steam plow at the old Jewish cemetery of Nineteenth and Dolores turned up a number of coffins and bones.

The Colton cannery put up about 6000 cases of apricots this season. This is about one-half the amount put up last season.

San Francisco sportsmen are urging Governor Budd to appoint J. H. Saurimi on the fish commission vice Murdock, resigned.

Commander F. M. Symonds, U. S. N., has been detached from the Ordinance Department at Mare Island and ordered to Sitka.

Edwar Saltzman has sued the San Jose Street Railway and the Sunset Telegraph Company for \$50,000 damages for personal injuries.

The steam thrasher in the Escondido and San Marcos valleys having threshed over 22,000 sacks of grain, is now getting out alfalfa seed.

Professor Webb, principal of the grammar school in Lompoc, will introduce into the several departments of the school the system of the juvenile savings banks.

The Santa Fe's new steel bridge across the Arroyo Seco at Garvanza has been officially tested. The road intends to build a number of such bridges on various parts of its system.

Densmore & Bunnell, fishermen of The Dalles, caught sixteen sturgeon below Cenlilo falls last week in two days. The aggregate weight of the fish was 2400 pounds, and they sold for \$110.

It is estimated that there is still about 6000 tons of sugar beets in the fields of Orange county. Shipments to the Chino factory will perhaps continue for another month or a little more.

A report comes from Villa Park that the marketing of raisins will begin a little sooner this year than on previous years. Picking is now about finished, and the product is now about ready to be shipped.

Martin Bitterly, the 16-year-old train-robber held for trial at Oakland, several weeks, has been released on promise that he will go to sea for three years on a ship now about to leave San Francisco.

It has been decided to continue the Glendora irrigation district and maintain all its legal prerogatives, notwithstanding the Supreme Court

has declared invalid the \$170,000 worth of bonds recently voted.

The old medical spring west of Santa Barbara that was the Indian's cure-all when the Mission Fathers reached that region, has been reopened and deepened, and large shipments of the water are being made.

Professor C. F. Holder of Pasadena, has started to explore the channel islands, especially that of San Nicholas. The earthquakes of last year are said to have tossed out antiquities and closed the harbor.

The steamship Hupeh, which sailed for the Orient from Portland, Oregon, carried away one of the largest flour cargoes that ever left there for China and Japan, the total amount being over 30,000 barrels valued at \$84,577. It also carries 8306 bushels of wheat, valued at \$4485, for Nagasaki and Kobe.

The vintage of 1896 has begun, and is well under way in Fresno, Madera, Yolo and Sacramento counties. The yield this year will be much below the normal of 16,000,000 gallons of dry wine, owing to damage done the grape crop by the heavy frosts of last May. Present estimates place the vintage at from 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 gallons. Grapes are selling at from \$20 to \$25 for the choicest varieties. Some winemakers are only offering \$18 a ton, but no sales at that price have yet been reported.

THE BEAUTY OF A SHIP.

Mrs. Stowe's Fascinating Description of a Vessel Under Sail.

Mrs. Stowe, in "The Pearl of Orr's Island," gives this fascinating description of a ship under sail: "What is there belonging to this workaday world of ours that has such a fund of never failing poetry and grace as a ship? A ship is a beauty and a mystery wherever we see it. Its white wings touch the regions of the unknown and the imaginative. They seem to us full of the odors of quaint, strange, foreign shores, where life, we fondly dream, moves in brighter currents than the muddy, tranquil tides of every day. Who that sees one bound outward, with her white breasts swelling and heaving, as if with a reaching expectancy, does not feel his own heart swell with a longing impulse to go with her to the faroff shores? Even at dingy, crowded wharfs, amid the stir and tumult of great cities, the coming in of a ship is an event that never can lose its interest. But on these romantic shores of Maine, where all is so wild and still and the blue sea lies embraced in the arms of dark, solitary forests, the sudden in coming of a ship from a distant voyage is a sort of romance. Who that has stood by the blue waters of Middle bay, engirdled as it is by green slopes of farming land, interchanged here and there with heavy billows of forest trees or rocky, pine crowned promontories, has not felt that sense of seclusion and solitude which is so delightful? And then what a wonder! There comes a ship from China, drifting in like a white cloud, the gallant creature! How the waters hiss and foam before her! With what a great, free, generous splash she throws out her anchors, as if she said a cheerful 'Well done!' to some glorious work accomplished! The very life and spirit of strange, romantic lands come with her. Suggestions of sandalwood and spice breathe through the pine woods. She is an oriental queen, with hands full of mystical gifts. 'All her garments smell of myrrh and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made her glad.' No wonder men have loved ships like birds and that there have been found brave, rough hearts that in fatal wrecks chose rather to go down with their ocean love than to leave her in the last throes of her death agony."

Puppies and Flower Beds.

We once watched the united efforts of a litter of setter puppies, the particular object being the destruction of a fine bed of geraniums, an enterprise which promised a "maximum of result" with a set off of a mere trifle of an effort, if once a protecting fence of wire netting could be surmounted. One after another the puppies charged the fence, only to fall back baffled, but not discouraged. Failure only made them more determined. With savage barks and growls they returned again to the attack until, after a desperate leap and scramble, the biggest puppy rolled over among the geraniums. For a moment he was almost awed by his success. He squeaked and sat down, but only for a moment. Then he hurled himself into the thickest part of the bed and tore the geraniums to pieces.—Cornish.

How Legged Stockings.

During last autumn a pitman was asked by a friend who was very bow-legged to purchase, when next "it" the toon," a pair of stockings for him. On the following Saturday the pitman entered the shop of a well known hosier to make the purchase.

The shopman was most obliging, but having shown the intending purchaser nearly every pair in stock he at last thought it time to ask of the man a more minute description of what was required.

He said he had shown nearly all they had, and he was sure their shop was second to none, and as they had hitherto given satisfaction to all classes it was strange that they could not now suit a customer. The pitman laconically replied, "What I want is a pair o' bow-legged yins."—Strand Magazine.

TELEGRAPHIC RESUME

Things That Have Happened all Over the Country.

SPOKEN OF IN THIS COLUMN.

Selections That Will Greatly Interest our Readers Both Old and Young.

North German Lloyds steamer Saale grounded at Sandy Hook recently.

That leading bicycle manufacturers have nearly decided to advance prices next year.

The Cleveland Rolling Mills have closed down and 4600 men are idle in consequence.

The British steamer Galileo has been seized in Brooklyn for violating the customs laws.

Yale has answered Pennsylvanias' challenge for football, but the answer has not been made public.

All the American records for twenty-eight miles and over were broken in the Chicago bicycle tournament.

A dry dock that cost \$500,000 and that never could be used is to be sold by the Navy department for a nominal sum.

Over \$100,000 worth of property has been destroyed and a number of lives lost by the hurricane in Savannah county.

The Navy Department has just let contracts for \$100,000 for supplies for sailors, the largest purchase ever made at one time.

A thousand dollars was taken from a hotel safe in Falls, Pa., by robbers, who had previously chloroformed twenty people in the building.

The Polish Roman Catholic Congress, which has been in session at Buffalo, has adjourned. The next one will be held at Chicago in 1898.

An ancillary receiver has been appointed for the Richards Company, cloak dealers, of New York. Liabilities, \$110,000; actual assets, \$75,000.

A determined effort is being made by citizens of Tangipalioa Parish, La., to lynch the negro who murdered the four members of the Cotton family.

Work will begin in a few days on the construction of the big dam across the Rio Grande, above El Paso. An immense irrigating reservoir will be constructed.

Dr. Hamilton of the Marine Hospital service has been ordered from Chicago to San Francisco, Secretary Carlisle having decided to pay no attention to his protest.

Previous to his departure for China, Li Hung Chang sent his thanks to this government for its courtesy towards him and said that the United States is the model government of western civilization.

President Nichols and Cashier Le Blau of the suspended Bank of Commerce of New Orleans have been arrested on a charge of receiving deposits when they knew that the bank was insolvent.

A dispatch received at the Merchants' Exchange, San Francisco, told of the wreck of the steamer Frederick de Barry, from New York to Jacksonville, at Kitty Hawk, N. C. The crew was saved, but the vessel is supposed to be a total wreck.

Sir Richard Cartwright, Canada's Minister of Trade and Commerce, has gone to Boston to meet Joseph Chamberlain, the British Colonial Secretary now visiting America, and to discuss with him the subject of a Pacific telegraph cable, an Atlantic steamship service and a proposition for reciprocity between Canada and the United States.

A severe gale from the northwest prevailed along the British coast recently, causing much damage. Telegraphic communication as seriously interfered with over the whole of the British Isles. The wires of the cable companies were also affected. The hurricane swept the coast all night and the sea was terrific. Great damage was done to the buildings about the harbors, wharves, piers, etc., and vessels were stranded at many points. Their crews, however, were saved by the life lines. Much wreckage is strewn on the shore in all directions and the channel service has been suspended. So far there are few fatalities reported.

Judge Torrance has denied the motion of plaintiffs for a new trial in the case of John Kelly et al. vs. J. Downey Harvey, administrator of the estate of the late ex-Governor John G. Downey. The action was originally brought to secure possession of the Warner ranch in San Diego county, comprising several thousand acres of land and valued at \$2,000,000. It was alleged by plaintiffs, who are heirs of Governor Downey's second wife, that he deeded the ranch to that wife, and an old patched-up deed was offered as evidence in court to substantiate the claim. Judge Torrance decided, however, that the deed had never been delivered. The plaintiffs moved for a new trial, and this has just been denied.

SAN BRUNO Meat Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.
WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.
SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR GYPSY SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

M. F. HEALEY, Hay, Grain and Feed. ++ ++ Wood and Coal. ++ ++

ALL KINDS OF TEAMING. Moderate Charges. Prompt Service. LINDEN AVENUE, Between Armour and Juniper Avenues Leave Orders at Postoffice.



Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN. W. REHBERG, PROPRIETOR.

I. GOLDTREE & CO., Commission Brokers,

(Cassier's Seven-Mile House.)
SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL.

Commissions executed on all events on the Eastern and Western Race Tracks by direct telegraphic communication.

PIONEER GROCERY

GEORGE KNEESE

Groceries and Merchandise Generally.

BAKERY.

Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

My stock is extra choice and my prices cheaper than City prices.

My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

GEO. KNEESE, 206 GRAND AVENUE.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING ETC., ETC., ETC.

:: Free Delivery. ::

Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

J. EIKERENKOTTER & CO.

Corner Grand and San Bruno Ave

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM.
Editor and Proprietor.

It is highly desirable that the Sultan of Turkey be expunged from current European history.

It is stated that the school census shows that in Chicago "Americans pure and simple" number only 332,883. How many Americans of the kind are there?

The young woman in Columbus, Ohio, who was knocked down by a street car and escaped injury on account of her Psyche knot certainly had a hairbreadth escape.

Notwithstanding he had a mandate from his emperor to visit Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia was too much for Li Hung Chang, and he fell asleep and slumbered until it was too late to go.

According to the enterprising foreign correspondent, "The Sultan is much perturbed." He does not like the idea of foreign powers interfering with his imperial prerogative to slaughter as many of his subjects as he wants to.

From the easy grace with which Li Hung Chang smokes cigarettes and the weird effect of his clothing one cannot but think what a beautiful dude the old viceroy would make if only he would part his cue in the middle.

The woman who attempted suicide because her husband laughed at a pair of trousers she was making for their son should have devoted her time to making trousers for the husband. Then, it is safe to say, he wouldn't have laughed.

A New Jersey match company has decreed that its employees must immediately visit their dentists to have their exposed nerves covered up to protect them from the deadly phosphorus. Perhaps the whole trouble with the Moore brothers is that they were so busy clipping coupons that they didn't have time to have their molars kept in proper repair.

The man who risks his life in the interest of science and the welfare of mankind is to be applauded. But parachute leaps, dives from great heights into nets, being shot from cannons, running races on wheels with railroad trains, and all the other sensational exhibitions which cater to morbid minds, achieve nothing, prove nothing of value, and at least call for official intervention to the extent of requiring exhibitors to furnish safeguards against the slaughter of the performer. This is done in some countries, and such performances as are not susceptible to such safeguards are prohibited.

When Blondin walked a rope over Niagara, thousands went to see him who would hardly have walked a block to see him walk the same rope stretched twenty feet above terra firma. Why? Manifestly because in the one case a fall would have been a trifling affair, and in the other he would have gone down to sure death. Now a searcher after glory and simoleons announces that he will ride across Niagara on a bicycle over a charged wire. Of course thousands will go to see the wonderful and idiotic feat, and if he goes down to the whirlpool and rocks below there will be the usual emotional effects, including sobbing men and fainting women, who went there half expecting just such a tragedy.

The bike as an elopement vehicle has proved itself a success. The Lochinvars of the period may pin their faith to the wheel in confidence that the pursuing parent on horseback will be distanced. Joseph McMillin and Miss Hannah Parsons, of New Brunswick, N. J., have proved this. They hardly got a good start before the young woman's father mounted his fleetest horse and was in hot pursuit. But the elopers were on a tandem bike and gave him the merry ha ha as they easily drew away. They were in plenty of time to have the knot tied before he arrived with his panting steed. He cut the tire of the wheel and kicked out the spokes to vent his wrath, but that did not untie the knot, and seeing that his anger was impotent, he did the proper thing and forgave the couple. Before trusting implicitly in single wheels or tandems, however, young Lochinvars should make sure that there are no quads or sextuplets in the immediately vicinity, or they may be overtaken.

If I had a scolding wife
I'd quit her sure's yer born;
I'd take her down to New Orleans
And trade her off for corn.

That is what the negro roustabouts on Ohio and Mississippi river steamboats used to sing, and no doubt they voiced the sentiments of many afflicted husbands in other walks of life. Men with scolding wives have whipped them, scolded back, deserted them, in extreme cases killed them. But it remained for Robert Schwartz, a secretary of the German consul's office in New York, to devise a novel manner of ridding himself of the company of an undesirable helpmeet without running afoul of the law for punishing or deserting her. Mr. Schwartz left his wife in Germany when he came over to attend to his official duties. She followed him. She was without means of support outside of her husband, so Mr. Schwartz took advantage of the immigration laws and calmly requested the officials to detain her at Ellis Island and deport her on the next ship. As there was no way of making Mr. Schwartz, a German subject attached to a consulate, support his wife against

his will, the officials had no alternative but to acquiesce, and Mrs. Schwartz was sent back to the Fatherland. Mr. Schwartz has a great head on him.

Here is an unconscious exposure of a trait characteristically British by one of the staff of Black and White, an English illustrated weekly. The writer inveighs against the railway companies for making excessive charges on bicycles accompanying passengers. He disposes of the argument that the wheel tends to decrease railway travel in this way: "The man who is in the habit of walking will go, say, twenty miles by train and then walk home. The same man, if he bicycled, would go fifty to a hundred miles from home and then ride." The average American who wants to take a ten-mile constitutional walk would walk five miles out and back, and if he wanted to make a fifty-mile bicycle run he would go a distance of twenty-five miles and back. But the British idea is to get away the whole distance and walk or bike back. Long before the bicycle it was a common sight on holidays to see scores of young men take a train for a point ten or a dozen miles out, anywhere, it made no difference, and then tramp back for the exercise. It is an old and well-established fact, but Americans will never understand the philosophy of it.

Anent the recent tragedy at the St. Louis County fair, where a young woman balloonist fell from the clouds to instant death, we are told with melting pathos of the heart-rending grief of the husband, and the emotions of the spectators, of the women who fainted and the strong men who sobbed aloud. The accident has been commented upon from various standpoints, chiefly that of legal intervention to prevent such dangerous exhibitions. But another feature is suggested by the description of the horror. Passing by comment on what manner of material goes to make up a man who will allow his wife to risk her neck for a few dollars, is it not true that the performance is attractive purely and simply because a tragedy is a possible climax? To ascend in a captive balloon would be no attraction at all, because the danger is reduced to a minimum. Plain hot-air balloon ascensions without a leap from the clouds became too tame for the same reason. Then came the parachute leap with the ever-present danger of the aeronaut being killed, and the public flocked to see the show. It would be wrong to say that any one really expects an accident at such exhibitions, but it is unquestionably true that the greater the danger of accident, the greater is the attraction.

The erudition of the State Geologist of South Dakota will evolve probably some scientific explanation of the subterranean vagaries of Mrs. Mary Johnson's farm, but it will require also the opinions of meteorological and bicycle experts to satisfy fully the curiosity of the public. From the details now at hand one would hazard the opinion that Mrs. Johnson has been living in fancied security over a prehistoric blizzard or tornado. Probably when this ancient twister was performing in the reckless manner common to its kind it was caught unawares by a combination of landslides and held in captivity with its forces yet unexpended. It is due to the happy thought of Mrs. Johnson that she would like to have a deep well that some expert drillers reached this realistic cave of the winds and released enough of the contents of the pneumatic stratum of the farm to indicate its boundless wind possibilities. "As soon as the air cushion is reached," says the chronicler of the episode, "the wind rushes out with a screech like a locomotive, and sixteen-pound sledges are tossed into the air as lightly as feathers." A wind that has been reposing in enforced inaction for decades and possibly centuries and that on the slightest provocation handles sixteen-pound sledges as if they were feathers and screeches like a locomotive is a farm product that must receive the most thorough investigation from every possible point of view. The meteorologist and State Geologist may determine its status in the flora and fauna of the region, and may issue wise and technical bulletins as to its past history and future possibilities, but it is apparent more practical minds must be brought to bear on the phenomenon to insure obtaining the greatest measure of utility. A bicyclist of experience would be able to tell at a glance or two whether it would be feasible to run pipe lines from the farm to all parts of the United States as a supply agency for the inflation of tires. It is not impossible that some similar plan could be devised so that the innumerable windmills of the Nation would not be dependent longer on nature's intermittent supply, and yachtsmen certainly would welcome such a stable force as a panacea for the vexatious calm that has been found so troublesome in the management of regattas.

Good for the Ground.
Not long ago, writes a correspondent of a contemporary, I was walking in the garden at Hawarden with Mr. Gladstone. "What would you do with that?" he said, suddenly, pointing to a bit of newspaper lying on the lawn. "I think I'd pick it up and take it away," I answered, astonished. "Ah, well—this is what I do with it," said Mr. Gladstone. Thereupon he placed the point of his walking stick on the middle of the scrap of paper, twisted the stick round and round, and with much dexterity left the bit of paper in the soil out of sight. "The Duke of Buccleugh taught me to do that," he said, as we resumed our walk. "It is good for the ground."

How every one abuses "spooning," and how every one is looking for a chance to do it!

FOR SUNDAY READING

THE GOSPEL OF GRACE IS HERE EXPOUNDED.

Strange Views Entertained by a San Francisco Minister—To Acknowledge One's Error Is Sometimes Truly Heroic.

Killing Is Not Murder.
A recent public gathering Rev. Wendte, of San Francisco, startled his hearers by saying: "Civilized man has always assumed the right to put to death his fellow man in the interests of law and order. Why, then, should he not, in the cause of humanity?" When asked for an explanation of his words, Dr. Wendte said:

"I have not arrived at my conclusions in the matter hastily," said Dr. Wendte. "For years I have made a study of disease and pain, in its bearing on the mind as well as the body. I have stood by the bedside of very many hopeless sufferers, not only among my own people, but in the wards of hospitals. I have noticed, day by day, the frightful



ravages of incurable diseases, ending in agonizing death. I have satisfied myself of the causes and fatal character of the tortures endured by being present at many autopsies. As a result of my study and close observation I am convinced that the unhappy beings whose ailments are beyond the reach of medical science have a right to demand the relief that death alone can afford."

Dr. Wendte told of a poor leper who was a patient at the county hospital. When the nature of his disease was discovered he was immediately isolated. A hut at some distance from the hospital was prepared for his reception, and there he was left, absolutely alone, to await the release of death. His food was deposited at a distance from his miserable abode, and the attendants made good their escape before his approach, lest from his breath they should contract the loathsome disease. The doctors, knowing they could do nothing for his physical welfare, did not go to him, fearing they would carry contagion to patients, who, being ill and debilitated, would be doubly susceptible. After enduring his isolation for a time the man took his own life.

"Would it not," said Dr. Wendte, "have been an act of humanity to have saved him the torture that led to suicide?"
Blunders.
Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted; for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, of the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken, it may be said that it "blesseth him that gives and him that takes"—it covers his own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.

Facing the Evils Together.
God is moving over the face of the earth. Errors are vanishing before His presence. His spirit of understanding and power is making less of bigotry and ignorance everywhere. I trust as we begin a new century greater charity may prevail, and the churches uniting to face the evils of the world may come to realize the might of a common action, that, so working, sin may cease from the face of the earth, and the world be filled with righteousness in His name.

Trust in Christ.
What a precious peace this complete trust in Jesus brings! There are many anxieties that make people lie awake in this world of panics and of perils. "To-morrow I will go and draw that deposit out of the bank," says the frightened merchant as he tosses on his uneasy pillow. But a true believer can sleep serenely as far as his real treasures are concerned. His deposit for all eternity is secure. There is no torture more intense than distrust. The wife who doubts the love of him to whom she has pledged her all, the mother who fears that her son is deceiving her, feels the pangs of a perpetual purgatory. Half of a Christian's spiritual troubles arise from his wanton distrust of Christ; of the rest, most arise from disobedience to Christ. If I confide in

a faithless fellow creature, it is his fault when I am deceived. But when I suffer from anxieties about what I have put into my living, loving Savior's hands, the fault and the folly are all my own. I cannot trust Christ too much, or myself too little.—Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler.

The Song of the Bell.
What mean you by this weeping
To break my very heart?
We both are in Christ's keeping,
And therefore cannot part.

You there—I here—though severed,
We still at heart are one;
I only in sunshine,
The shadows scarcely gone.

What if the clouds surround you,
You can the brightness see;
'Tis only just a little way
That leads from you to me.

I was so very weary,
Surely you could not mourn
That I a little sooner
Should lay my burden down.

Then weep not, weep not, darling,
God wipes away all tears,
'Tis only "yet a little while,"
Though you may call it years.

Study the Bible.
I never saw a useful Christian who was not a student of the Bible. If a man neglects his Bible, he may pray and ask God to use him in his work, but God cannot make much use of him; for there is not much for the Holy Ghost to work upon. We must have the Word itself, which is sharper than any two-edged sword.—D. L. Moody.

Lost Opportunities.
We cannot explain how heaven can be a place of perfect happiness with any regrets in the memory, but surely there must be regrets for lost opportunities of loving, giving and serving when we thoughtlessly indulged our ease.

Notes and Comments.
Archbishop Machray, of Rupert's Land, Canada, and primate of the Anglican Church in Canada, is said to be the tallest bishop in the world.

A French priest, Father Martin, advances an extraordinary theory about Zola in a religious review. He thinks that the directing principle of Zola's life is his love of animals. He shows a monstrous and even a sacrilegious sympathy for cats and dogs. They are, he feels, his kindred. This accounts for his dwelling, as he does, on the lowest instincts of man. He can see the beast in him, but not the angel.

Most Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, Prior Provincial of the Order of Hermit Fathers of St. Augustine, who has been chosen as the successor of Cardinal Satolli, visited the Augustinian Monastery at Villa Nova, Pa., in 1894. He is about five feet five inches in height, has dark eyes and dark hair, and intellectual countenance. He has a high reputation for learning, speaks English fluently, has been in close touch with the Irish Augustinians in Rome, and is said to be fond of Americans. He lives in the Augustinian Convent of St. Monica, which is not far from St. Peter's in Rome.

Bits of Things.
The mother of sin is selfishness. Contentment is found in making others happy.

No opportunity appears so golden as the lost one.

Before we can be ready to run, we must be willing to wait.

It is not great deeds but faithful lives that God rewards.

Every temptation is an opportunity for you to vindicate your manhood.

I account the scriptures of God to be the most sublime philosophy.—Sir Isaac Newton.

He who would be a great soul in the future must be a great soul now.—R. W. Emerson.

Only he who puts on the garment of humility and how worthily it clothes his life.—Phillips Brooks.

Instead of praying for effects, let us pray that we may be enabled to fulfill causes.—Prof. Drummond.

The best cure for sorrow is to sympathize with another in his sorrow. The cure for despondency is to lift the burden from some other heart.

The star of hope for the temperance cause hangs over the school-house. If we save the children to-day, we shall have saved the nation to-morrow.—Mrs. Mary H. Hunt.

We are never without help. We have no right to say of any good work, it is too hard for me to do; or of any sorrow, it is too hard for me to bear; or of any sinful habit, it is too hard for me to overcome.—Elizabeth Charles.

Educated natives in Japan and India are beginning to realize the value of Christian home life. A Japanese gentleman lately remarked, "The religion that makes the purest and happiest home, will always be the best for any country. If Christianity does that, it is the right religion for Japan."

Mr. J. Hudson Taylor estimates that there are 50,000,000 families in China, and says one evangelist could visit fifty families a day. If England sent out a thousand evangelists in three years, he says, the whole of China could be reached. Would the churches in England and America raise 500 missionaries, perhaps the other 500 could be raised among the native converts of China.

It is a sweet, a joyful thing to be a sharer with Christ in anything. All enjoyments wherein he is not are bitter to the soul that loves him, and all sufferings with him are sweet. The worst things of Christ are more truly delightful than the best things of the world; his afflictions are sweeter than their pleasures; his reproach more rich than treasures, as Moses accounted them.—Archbishop Leighton.

REALRURALREADING

WILL BE FOUND IN THIS DEPARTMENT.

How to Care for the Bean Crop—Barn Cisterns Better than Wells—Wonderful Work of Bees—Removing Unfruitful Trees—Farm Notes.

Bean Harvesting.
Beans are planted any time in June after the ground has become thoroughly warmed and corn planting is out of the way. The soil should be rich, well drained, well plowed, thoroughly pulverized, and kept free from weeds until the crop has matured. Caring for the crop after it is done growing requires much skill and painstaking attention. Formerly, and even to-day where beans are raised on a small

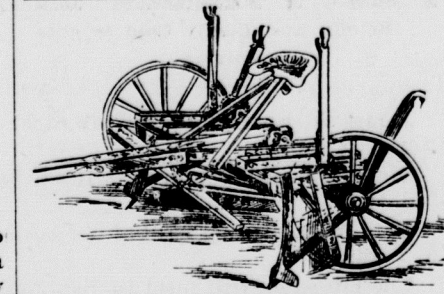


FIG. 1. A BEAN PULLER.

scale, the bunches were pulled by hand and placed in piles until thoroughly dried out. To-day large growers use machines for cutting off the plants. A puller is shown in Fig. 1. Two rows are pulled at the same time. The horizontal knives run just beneath the surface of the ground and cut off the stems. The tops are brought close together by the rods above the knives. They can then be easily gathered up with a fork and placed in the shock. Allow the shocks to remain in the field until thoroughly dried. The shocks after thorough drying can be placed in a stack or a hay mow. Care must always be exercised to prevent much packing while being stored, otherwise molding will ensue. Avoid tramping by placing a board for the operator to stand upon. When ready to thresh, use a bean thresher. Small lots are beaten out with a flail, and cleaned by means of a hand fanning mill.

After threshing it pays to pick out the broken beans, also the discolored ones. Especially is this true where the crop is raised for seed. This may be accomplished by spreading out upon a white-covered table and removing the trash and defective beans. A number of machines have been invented for expediting this work, one of which is shown in Fig. 2. The beans to be picked are placed in the hopper. A force feed passes them regularly through the hopper into the perforated cylinder, where they are freed from dust and trash. They then fall upon a white canvas belt which is moving slowly toward the operator. While on this canvas, the discolored and broken specimens are easily seen and removed. The perfect beans remain until they fall into the spout provided to convey them to a sack or other receptacle. For

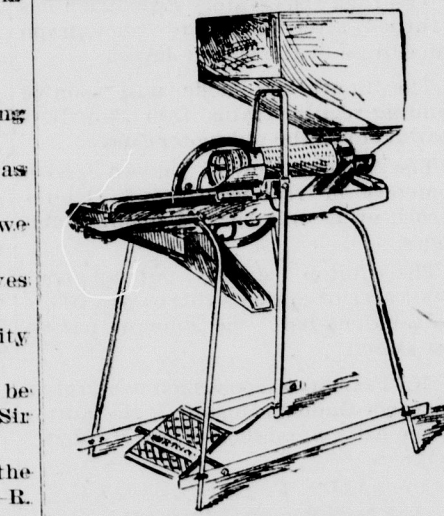


FIG. 2. MACHINE FOR SORTING BEANS.

large quantities there are machines upon the market run by steam or horse power.

Winter and Summer Prices of Eggs.
Always in the fall the price of eggs goes up, partly because the supply decreases then, and also because with cool weather those who prepare eggs for keeping in winter have more confidence and begin to buy extensively. We have often wished that no method had ever been discovered for preserving eggs. Then the winter price would be always what it costs to produce eggs in winter. Both the egg producer and the consumer would then be better satisfied. It really discourages the use of eggs to buy some and have them plainly a trifle stale, not changed enough as the dealer will tell you to hurt them. The truth is that an egg not perfectly fresh is an abomination. If only such were sold in market there would be better prices all the year round. But in such weather as we had in August an egg will spoil from the natural heat of the atmosphere in two days, so that it will not be fit to use. The refrigerator must be used more in keeping eggs, not to chill them, but to cool the temperature around them.

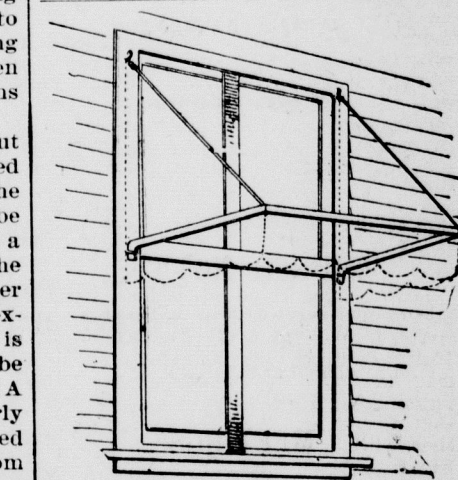
Removing Unfruitful Trees.
In every orchard there will be found some trees which are an injury to the farmer every year they remain in their present position, producing nothing themselves and lessening the product of neighboring trees. All old orchards need more fertility and also more room for each tree to ripen and perfect its fruit. Removing trees that have for years cumbered the ground, taking room that might be worth something if it were out, is often the best way to restore orchards to productivity.

Wonderful Work of Bees.
Bees must, in order to collect a pound of clover honey, deprive 62,000 clover blossoms of their nectar. To do this the 62,000 flowers must be visited by

an aggregate of 3,750,000 bees. Or, in other words, to collect its pound of honey one bee must make 3,750,000 trips from and to the hive. The enormous amount of work here involved precludes the idea of any one bee ever living long enough to gather more than a fraction of a pound of nectarine sweets. As bees are known to fly for miles in quest of suitable fields of operation, it is clear that a single ounce of honey represents millions of miles of travel. It is no wonder that these industrious little insects have earned the reputation of being "busy" bees.

Curing Corn Fodder in Cock.
When corn fodder is cut while the weather is still dry it will cure in better shape and with less loss if put up in small cocks rather than in stooks. The reason is that as days shorten and nights rapidly lengthen there is not sunlight and warmth enough in the daytime to cure the stalks as rapidly as they should be. In the cock the stalks will heat, bringing the temperature up to 100 or more, night as well as day. If a little dry straw is thrown on the cock so as to absorb the moisture at night, when the outside cold air condenses it, the stalks below it will come out green looking, yet slightly softened from the heat to which they have been subjected. Stalks thus cured will be eaten much more readily than stalks that have dried up by being exposed in stooks to drying winds. All farmers have noticed that in winter it is the corn stalks that have been heated and even molded in the mow that will be preferred by cows to stalks that have been dried in the wind and without the heat needed to soften the outer shell of the stalk. The moist stalks are also more nutritious, as in drying out the carbon in them turns into woody fibre, nearly indigestible. In putting up the cocks they should be small, so as not to heat too much and blacken the stalks. For the same reason they should not be left long before being drawn to the barn or mow.

Awnings for Country Homes.
Awnings let in the light but keep out the sun's heat, affording just the conditions needed in summer. Blinds keep



FRAME FOR AN AWNING.

out heat, but make a room dark and gloomy. Awnings may easily be made at home, this plan being easily carried out. A three-eighths inch iron rod is bent by a blacksmith into the form shown, and this is supported by screw eyes in the window case and wires extending from the outer corners to the top of the window case, hooks being placed there. These hooks also support the top of the awnings, eyelet holes being made in the cloth.

Barn Cisterns.
It is bad for stock to depend on water drawn from wells near barnyards, as it is sure after a term of years to become contaminated. In all such cases a barn cistern with a filter at the outlet through which the water is drawn offers better security of pure water than can be had from water taken from a well. Some care must be taken to prevent dust and dirt being washed into the cistern from roofs. After threshing especially, and in the fall when leaves are flying, the eave trough should be frequently cleaned so that as little dirt as possible be washed into a well. An average barn roof will in a year catch water enough to winter the stock that will usually be fed in the barn.

Coming of Autumn.
Autumn wandered through the woodland
Touching with his wand each tree;
Summer stood reluctant, crying,
"Bring my beauties back to me."
But the maple leaves grew crimson,
Ripened fruit hung everywhere;
And the harvest spoke, smiling,
"Autumn's charms are full as fair."

Summer, weeping, wrung her fingers,
Then gleamed forth the golden rod—
Asters by the laughing brooklet
Give new beauty to the sod;
Mother Nature viewed the picture,
Smiled as fell the first white frost—
Sweetly said, "The summer's beauty
Will return, for naught is lost."

The Pig Pen.
Crowd the young porkers that you wish to turn off in December.

Keep hog cholera out. It is not safe to depend upon knocking it out.

It is possible, by cleaning out the pen once or twice a week, and disinfecting it with lime to keep the place in a sweet, presentable condition.

Away with the idea that winter made pork does not pay. Men that are prepared for such work often claim the greatest profit from winter feeding.

Never allow the perennials won by the sire and dam to dazzle your eyes when looking at the pig. Size up the pig first, then his pedigree, and the reputation of the ancestry last.

Prof. Henry, of the Wisconsin Experiment Station, finds that cabbages have a good deal of value—more than potatoes and turnips—as a swine feed; especially in the first part of the fattening period.

The Stock Yards Company at Chicago is building the largest swine quarters in the world. It covers fifty acres and will accommodate 200,000 swine guests at one time, in all the luxury their tastes require.

TRIPS UNDERTAKEN FOR HEALTH'S SAKE

Will be rendered more beneficial, and the fatigues of travel counteracted, if the voracious will take along with him Hester's Stomach Bitters, and use that protective and enabling tonic, nerve invigorant and appetizer regularly. Impurities in air and water is neutralized by it, and it is a matchless tranquilizer and regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. It cures malaria, rheumatism, and a tendency to kidney and bladder ailments.

She-I fear Miss Newby's education has been sadly neglected. Her friend-Ab, inde, d! Has she one?

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

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If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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The Sheriff of Siskyou.

By BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER II.

The cabin of Major Overstone differed outwardly but little from those of his companions. It was the usual structure of logs, laid lengthwise and rudely plastered at each point of contact with adobe, the material from which the chimney, which entirely occupied one gable, was built. It was pierced with two windows and a door, roofed with smaller logs and thatched with long half cylinders and spruce bark. But the interior gave certain indications of the distinction as well as the peculiar experiences of its occupant. In place of the usual bunk or berth built against the wall stood a small folding camp bedstead, and upon a rude deal table that held a tin washbasin and pail lay two ivory handled brushes, combs and other elegant toilet articles, evidently the contents of the major's dressing bag. A handsome leather trunk occupied one corner, with a richly caparisoned silver mounted Mexican saddle, a mahogany case of dueling pistols, a leather hatbox locked and strapped, and a gorgeous gold and quartz handled ebony "presentation" walking stick. There was a certain dramatic suggestion in this revelation of the sudden and hurried transition from a life of ostentatious luxury to one of hidden toil and privation and a further significance in the slow and gradual destitution and degradation of these elegant souvenirs. A pair of silver boot hooks had been used for raking the hearth and lifting the coffee kettle. The ivory of the brushes was stained with coffee. The cut glass bottles had lost their stoppers and had been utilized for vinegar and salt. A silver framed hand mirror hung against the blackened wall. For the major's occupancy was the sequel of a hurried flight from his luxurious hotel at Sacramento—a transfer that he believed was only temporary until the affair blew over and he could return in safety to browbeat his accusers, as was his wont. But this had not been so easy as he had imagined. His prosecutors were bitter, and his enforced seclusion had been prolonged week by week until the fracas which ended in the shooting of the sheriff had apparently closed the door upon his return to civil-



A figure darkened the doorway.

lization forever. Only here was his life and person secure. For Wynyard's Bar had quickly succumbed to the domination of his reckless conrage, and the eminence of his double crime had made him respected among spendthrifts, gamblers and gentlemen whose performances had never risen above a stage-coach robbery or a single assassination. Even criticism of his faded luxuries had been delicately withheld.

He was leaning over his open trunk—which the camp popularly supposed to contain state bonds and securities of fabulous amount—and had taken some letters from it when a figure darkened the doorway. He looked up, laying his papers carelessly aside. Within Wynyard's Bar property was sacred.

It was the late fugitive. Although some hours had already elapsed since his arrival in camp and he had presumably refreshed himself inwardly, his outward appearance was still disheveled and dusty. Brier and milkweed clung to his frayed blouse and trousers. What could be seen of the skin of his face and hands under its stains and begriming was of a dull yellow. His light eyes had all the brightness without the restlessness of the mongrel race. They leisuredly took in the whole cabin, the still open trunk before the major, and then rested deliberately on the major himself.

"Well," said Major Overstone abruptly, "what brought you here?"

"Same as brought you, I reckon,"

responded the man almost as abruptly.

"The major knew something of the

half breed temper, and neither the re-

tor nor its tone affected him.

"You didn't come here just because

you deserted," said the major coolly.

"You've been up to something else."

"I have," said the man, with equal

coolness.

"I thought so. Now, you understand,

you can't try anything of the kind here.

If you do, up you go on the first tree.

That's rule 1."

"I see. You ain't pertickler about

waiting for the sheriff here, you fellows."

The major glanced at him quickly.

He seemed to be quite unconscious of

any irony in his remark and continued

grimly. "And what's rule 2?"

"I reckon you needn't trouble yourself beyond No. 1," returned the major, with dry significance. Nevertheless he opened a rude cupboard in the corner and brought out a rich, silver mounted cut glass drinking flask, which he handed to the stranger.

"I say!" said the half breed admiringly. "Yours?"

"Certainly."

"Certainly now—but before, eh?"

Rule No. 2 may have indicated that

references to the past held no dishonor.

The major, although accustomed to these

pleasantries, laughed a little harshly.

"Mine always," he said. "But you

don't drink?"

The half breed's face darkened under

its grime. "Wot yo're givin us? I've

been filled chock up by Simpson over

there. I reckon I know when I've got a

load on."

"Were you ever in Sacramento?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Last week."

"Did you hear anything about me?"

The half breed glanced through his

tangled hair at the major in some won-

der, not only at the question, but at the

almost childish eagerness with which

it was asked.

"I didn't hear much of anything

else," he answered grimly.

"And—what did they say?"

"Said you'd got to be took anyhow.

They allowed the new sheriff would do

it too."

The major laughed. "Well, you heard

how the new sheriff did it—skunked

away with his whole posse before one-

eighth of my men. You saw how the

rest of this camp held up your nine

troopers and that sapheaded cub of a

lieutenant, didn't you? You wouldn't

have been standing here if you hadn't.

No. There isn't the civil process nor

the civil power in all California that

can take me out of this camp."

But neither his previous curiosity nor

present bravado seemed to impress the

ragged stranger with much favor. He

glanced sulkily around the cabin and

began to shuffle toward the door.

"Stop! Where are you going to? Sit

down. I want to talk to you."

The fugitive hesitated for a moment

and then dropped ungraciously on the

edge of a campstool near the door. The

major looked at him.

"I may have to remind you that I run

this camp, and the boys hereabouts do

pretty much as I say. What's your

name?"

"Tom."

"Tom? Well, look here, Tom! D—n

it all! Can't you see that when a man

is stuck here alone, as I am, he wants

to know what's going on outside and

hear a little fresh talk?"

The singular weakness of this blen-

ded command and appeal apparently

struck the fugitive curiously. He fixed

his lowering eyes on the major as if in

gloomy doubt if he were really the

reckless desperado he had been repre-

sented. That this man—twice an assas-

sin and the ruler of outlaws as reckless

as himself—should approach him in

this half confidential way evidently

puzzled him.

"Wot you want know?" he asked

gruffly.

"Well, what's my party saying or

doing about me?" said the major im-

patiently. "What's The Express saying

about me?"

"I reckon they're throwing off on

you all round. They allow you never

represented the party, but worked for

yourself," said the man shortly.

Here the major lashed out. A set of

traitors and hirelings! He had bought

and paid for them all. He had sunk

\$2,000 in The Express and saved the

editor from being horsewhipped and

jailed for libel. Half the cursed bonds

that they were making such a blanked

fuss about were handled by these hy-

po-crites, blank them! They were a low

lived crew of thieves and deserters. It

was presumed that the major had forgot-

ten himself in this infelicitous selection

of epithets, but the stranger's face only

relaxed into a grim smile. More than

that, the major had apparently forgot-

ten his desire to hear his guest talk, for

he himself at once launched into an

elaborate exposition of his own affairs

and a specious and equally elaborate

defense and justification of himself and

denunciation of his accusers. For nearly

half an hour he reviewed step by

step and detail by detail the charges

against him, with plausible explana-

tion and sophisticated argument—always

with a singular prolixity and reitera-

tion that spoke of incessant conscious-

ness and self abstraction. Of that dash-

ing self sufficiency which had dazzled

his friends and awed his enemies there

was no trace. At last even the set smile

of the degraded recipient of these con-

fidences darkened with a dull, bewildered

disgust. Then, to his relief, a step

was heard without. The major's man-

ner instantly changed.

"Well," he demanded impatiently as

Dawson entered.

"I came to know what you want

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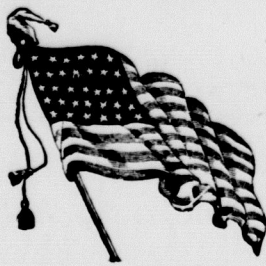
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A BANKRUPT POLITICAL PROPHET.

A large portion of the time of Wm. J. Bryan is at present occupied in vociferously assuring the American people, that the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver by the mints of the United States, will restore the parity between the two money metals, by increasing the value of silver and raising its price from 69 cents to \$1.29 per ounce.

This is the same political prophet, who, four years ago, predicted that the inauguration of revenue-reform-trade tariff would raise the price of wheat to \$1.25 per bushel, give the producers good markets, the working-men good wages and the country good times.

All Mr. Bryan's past predictions and promises have been dishonored and protested, with capital consumed and credit collapsed he can no longer impose upon the credulity of his country men. As a political prophet Mr. Bryan is a bankrupt.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE,
San Mateo County,
JOSEPH J. BULLOCK,
Regular Republican Nominee.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN,
Fifty-second Assembly District,
S. G. GOODHUE,
Regular Republican Nominee.

FOR SUPERVISOR,
First District, San Mateo County,
HOWARD Q. TILTON,
Regular Republican Nominee.

We are told by the organs of the Bryan party that "in the event of the free, unlimited and independent coinage of silver by this country, foreign silver will not come here because no foreign nation has any more silver than it needs."

If this is true, then what becomes of the other assertion of these same free silver advocates, who insist that the adoption of the gold standard by the leading commercial nations of the world, has, by driving silver out of use as a money metal, decreased the demand for it, and thereby caused the decline in its value. If silver has been driven out of use in foreign countries, then, does it not follow, that foreign silver would come here?

If it has not been driven out of use as a money metal abroad, then how has the gold standard caused the decline in its value?

McKinley and Protection means that goods consumed by Americans shall be produced by American workmen in American mills, shops and factories, and renewed activity in all the avenues of industry, finance and trade.

Bryan and Free Trade means more

work for the mills of Manchester, the looms of Lowell across the sea, and employment for foreign labor, with continued stagnation and increased depression in our own country. Workingmen and producers will, on November 3d, choose which shall prevail for the next four years.

The Examiner states that employees are being coerced into wearing McKinley badges. After November 3d it will doubtless state that these same workingmen were "coerced" into voting for McKinley and electing him by the biggest majority received by any President.—Middleton Independent.

The Examiner has nothing to say about the political assessment levied upon the miners of Angels Camp by C. D. Lane, National Committeeman of the Free Silver party, except to note that Mr. Lane recently sent \$50,000 of California contributions to the National Committee of his Free Silver party.

Political assessments of employers by the Free Silver party does not smack of coercion in the eyes of the Examiner.

In an interview published in the San Francisco Call on Monday last, Col. John S. Mosby hit the nail squarely on the head where he said:

"Instead of there not being money enough for the requirements of business, there is not enough business to employ the money that is idle. If we had free coinage those who are rich now, would still be the rich; those who are poor, would be poorer."

For a man who was not going to ignore any issue in his campaign, Mr. Bryan fights away from the tariff in a most remarkable way—and it is not less remarkable because that is the only public question upon which Mr. Bryan has a record.—S. F. Bulletin.

Which is why we remark: "The Boy Orator of the Platte," when he comes into the title he has earned, is bound to become known, as "The young-man-afraid-of-his-record."

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE,
San Mateo County,
HON. GEORGE H. BUCK,
(Present Incumbent)
Regular Democratic Nominee.

FOR SUPERVISOR,
First District, San Mateo County,
HON. JACOB BRYAN,
(Present Incumbent)
Regular Democratic Nominee.

COST OF FIRING BIG GUNS.

Some of the Practice Shooting Indulged
In Blows Away a Pile of Money.

The days are long past when we English sang in a free and easy way:
Two jolly Frenchmen and one Portuguese,
One jolly Englishman could lick them all three.

We are ready enough now to give our possible adversaries all credit for pluck and perhaps for technical skill, and yet, as regards practice in the use of their weapons, we still have them at an immeasurable disadvantage. This factor is commonly omitted from newspaper comparisons, but it would probably have more weight than any other in determining the issue of an actual struggle. Two duellists may each have lion hearts and each the best Damascus blades, but if one has ten times more practice in the art of fencing than the other it is long odds that he will win. So it is with our navy. It has a far greater knowledge of ships, acquired by actual firing practice, than any other power. And the reason of this is precisely because such knowledge is a very expensive thing to acquire, and England is the only nation that cares to afford it.

It is probable that where France, the next naval power, spends a million in sea cruising and gun firing, we spend five. From every gun in our navy having a caliber of 10 inches and under there are fired each quarter eight rounds of ammunition by way of practice and from all guns heavier than 10 inch four rounds a quarter, irrespective of the additional rounds used in the annual "prize firing." The heavy expenditure involved in this item alone may be hinted at by observing that every full round fired from a 6 inch gun costs \$16, from an 8 inch gun \$30, from a 12 inch gun \$123 and from the 16.25 inch, or 110 ton gun, as much as \$300. And these figures are only a small part of the story, for the life of a very heavy gun is not a long one, and though a 6 inch gun can fire as many as 500 rounds, 70 or 80 full rounds are the limit of the 110 ton. After firing that amount they will both require a new inner tube, a costly matter enough.—Chambers' Journal.

That Sinking Feeling.

A good story is being told on one of Louisville's most prominent homeopathic physicians. Several days ago a young woman called at his office, and after discoursing on all the topics of interest of the day settled down to tell him her ailments. Among other things she said that she was greatly annoyed with a sinking feeling. The physician prepared a little bottle of pills and gave them to her, with minute directions as to how they should be taken. The woman again began to talk, and after many vain efforts to get her out she started for the door. She had just opened it when she turned and said, "Oh, doctor, what shall I do if these pills do not cure me?" "Take the cork," he retorted. "They tell me that's good for a sinking feeling." And he called the next patient into his private office.—Louisville Post.

HOW TO KEEP COOL.

SOME OF THE METHODS EMPLOYED
BY NATIVES OF THE TROPICS.

Artificial Swamps of New Guinea—India's "Floating Villages"—Subterranean Dwellings of the Syrians—The King of Siam's Glass House.

If people will only profit by example they can keep cool. Just see how the other fellow, who lives where it is always hot, manages to be comfortable, and then you will have struck the keynote.

For centuries the inhabitants of the tropics have been devising ways to keep cool. Not only have the natural resources of their own countries been converted into methods of cooling schemes, but the mechanical skill of modern science has also been introduced by the fabulously wealthy rulers of these semibarbarous lands.

The natives of New Guinea, who are compelled, owing to the intense heat, to go almost naked during most of the year, have hit upon a scheme that is claimed to make life not only bearable, but highly enjoyable during the long, hot days when the broiling sun is sending down searing rays of fire.

While their plan does not tax the brains of modern science, it is, nevertheless, unique and involves the labor of an enormous army of workers. Their method is to take a broad stretch of land adjoining their large villages and convert it into a swamp. This is done by clearing the land thoroughly of all vegetation and underbrush, only the trees being left standing. By months of patient labor, in which all inhabitants of the village, both men and women, join, they dig a canal from the nearest lake and drain it into their artificial marsh. The depth of water in these marshes varies from 10 to 20 or 30 feet, according to the excavation done beforehand.

Trees are then cut and carefully stripped of both bark and branches and driven in groups in numerous parts of the marsh, leaving about 10 or 15 feet above the water. On the tops of these stilts, or piles, the houses are then built and so overhang the marsh.

In some parts of India "floating villages" have been constructed with great success. The inventors of this mode of keeping cool came from inland tribes of natives, where the heat killed off hundreds every year. These men journeyed to the river shores and there built their houses on large flat rafts. Some of these villages have now grown to large proportions, and one near MacCluer's inlet, or gulf of Oun, as it is now called, numbers over 800 houses. They are all connected by ropes, with some 20 feet of water between, and move with the current. This huge excursion fleet, as it appears, lazily floats from one shore to the other and up and down the stream, catching all the air that comes from the neighboring forests. The difference in temperature between the land and the rafts averages 25 degrees.

In Syria the latest and most effectual scheme of escaping the stifling heat has been found in the subterranean passages, of which the country has many. Large forces of Syrians have made mammoth excavations in the passages, and here, deep down in the bowels of the earth, built abodes. It is very cool down there, the rocks oftentimes being actually cold. This is largely accounted for by their contact with the numerous subterranean waterways, which flow along under mountains and rents in the rocks caused by internal volcanic eruptions.

Down there, hundreds of feet beneath the earth's surface and in, as it were, a gigantic tomb, the Syrians pass the heated portion of the day in quiet seclusion and peaceful rest.

The Chinese, although a backward and unprogressive race, have nevertheless tried many experiments for keeping cool, and think they have solved the question by their "tree dwellings." At least it is the most satisfactory method that has ever been put in operation in the Flowery Kingdom.

Taking advantage of the tremendous growth of trees in some parts of the yellow empire, the natives have built their houses, like nests, in them. This they do by splitting the large and topmost branches and fitting the foundation of these houses securely in these splits.

Perched up there, a hundred feet in the air and in the direct sweep of the wind when there is any, the Celestials dream away the tedious summer day. The type of architecture is more pretentious than that displayed in the simple log cabin. The walls are decorated with curious designs, and the interwoven latticework of palm and bamboo which form the houses give them a delightfully cool and airy appearance. It is an ideal nest, and one in which the Celestial never tires of lingering.

The king of Siam has a scheme on which that swarthy ruler labored for many years, and which, besides being wholly original, represents an expenditure of money that would make a dozen men wealthy for life. In substance, it is a mammoth glass room, measuring some 20 feet square by 15 feet high, constructed on the surface of a lake, into which it is submerged on hot days.

With the exception of the floor, it is entirely of heavy plate glass closely fitted into steel frames. It took over five years of steady labor to make this remarkable room, and so jealous of the secret was its imperial inventor that each particle of the room was manufactured in a different place and by workmen entirely unfamiliar with the other parts of the structure.—New York Journal.

Minks Banish Snakes.

Water moccasins were formerly numerous in the region close to Taylor, La. In recent years they have become scarce, while minks have increased in numbers. Old hunters there say that the mink is the deadly enemy of the snake, and that in a fight the quadruped always comes off victorious.

F. A. HORNBLOWER,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Building.
Redwood City, Cal.
Practices in State and Federal Courts.

D. G. E. MILLER,
Dentist.
14 GRANT AVENUE, San Francisco, Cal.,
Offers his professional services to the residents of Baden and vicinity, and can be consulted at the LINDEN HOUSE from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY of each week, commencing May 31st. Reference, by permission, to Dr. Marion Thrasher.

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Board by the Day or Week
at Reasonable Rates : : :
Rooms Single or in Suits.

NO BAR.
Accommodations for Families a Specialty.

H. J. VANDENBOS,
Proprietor.

HARNESS SHOP
On Lower Floor LINDEN HOUSE, All Kinds
of Work on Harness and Saddles Done
Promptly and at Reasonable Rates.

Boots and Shoes REPAIRING
A SPECIALTY.
H. J. VANDENBOS.

FRANK MINER,

Contractor FOR

Grading and Teaming-work

OF ALL KINDS.

No. 1 Crushed Rock for Roadways,
Sidewalks and Concrete. Shells for
Sidewalks. Sand for plastering. Sand
and Gravel for Concrete.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

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South San Francisco, Cal.

San Mateo Bakery and Confectionery

ALL KINDS OF BREAD AND FANCY CAKES
ON HAND AND MADE TO ORDER.

Proprietor of Buchman's Hotel.

New Building. New Furniture. Wheelmen's Headquarters.
BEST 25-CENT MEALS SERVED.

B Street, next to Bridge, San Mateo, Cal.
E. BUCHMAN, Proprietor.

ELECTRIC .. LAUNDRY .. CO.,

215 VALENCIA STREET,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

W. A. PETERSON,
Driver.

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Tuesdays and Fridays.

Leave Orders at Postoffice, Baden, Cal.

TELEPHONE 8 61.

MODERN LAUNDRY COMP'Y

Office, 385 and 387 Eighth Street,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Washing called for and delivered to any part of South San Francisco.
Special Attention Paid to the Washing of Flannels and Silks,
All Repairing Attended to. Your Patronage Respectfully Solicited.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

...REAL ESTATE...

—AND—

INSURANCE

..... LOCAL AGENT

FOR THE

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

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... AGENT ...

HAMBURG-BREMEN AND

PHOENIX of Hartford, Connecticut,

FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

AGENT EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

..

House Broker.

--- NOTARY PUBLIC. ---

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OFFICE AT POSTOFFICE,

Corner - Grand - and - Linden - Avenues,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NOTES.

Local happenings in this column.

Secretary George H. Chapman was in town Wednesday.

Regular meeting of Baden Republicans every Monday evening.

The sound money league has now a total enrollment of over 120 names.

Born.—In this town, October 2, 1896, to the wife of Charles Robinson, a daughter.

Mr. Louis M. Waters, of Lansing, Mich., was a visitor to this place last Wednesday.

Mr. D. O. Daggett has been confined to his house the last few days with a severe cold.

Mrs. Howard Tilton, who has been quite ill, is so far improved as to be able to be about again.

Mr. S. C. Coombes has returned from an absence of three weeks in Alameda, much improved in health.

Supt. D. K. Patchell is confined to his bed with a severe cold. Dr. A. J. Holcomb is in attendance.

Miss Kate Luke, of San Jose, Mrs. Crittenden, of San Francisco, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Atkins.

Miss Rose Earle, of San Jose, returned home on Saturday last, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. George Sutherland.

Henry Michenfelder is erecting a very tasty-looking carriage-house adjoining his hotel building on San Bruno road.

Mr. R. K. Patchell has recently purchased a fine fruit ranch of about sixty acres near Morgan Hill, in Santa Clara county.

Mr. and Mrs. Tinnin, of Newman, Cal., and Miss Clara Johnston, of Petaluma, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Atkins last week.

A new tailor-shop and store has been opened in the old Surprise Restaurant stand in the Jorgensen building, on Grand avenue.

Mr. S. L. Atkins returned home from Oregon on Friday last week, with a large train of cattle, after an absence of some three weeks.

Walter Norris returned from Newman, where he has been on business the past week. He was accompanied by his brother Edgar.

The Superior Court has ordered that James G. Ferguson and George Uhle be allowed \$3 each, per day, as keepers at the Steiger pottery.

Nick Luhrs, the pioneer expressman of our little burg, came from San Francisco Monday, upon a visit to his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

Mrs. C. F. Crouse, Mrs. George Ormsby and Mrs. Bergeron, of San Francisco, spent the day, Monday, in our town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Martin.

The fence and highway leading from the brick yard to San Bruno road has been completed. No teams will hereafter be permitted to cross the pasture lands going to or from the brick yard.

Last Saturday night two cars were derailed in the Company's yard, owing to a misplaced switch. Outside of delay in shipping several loaded cars no serious injury resulted from the accident.

Several water tenants yesterday had their water turned off because of defective faucets. The Company will strictly enforce its rule against tenants permitting water to run waste in this manner.

Frank Miner is at it once more. No sooner had work commenced on the new church building than Frank got in his work by constructing first-class crossings on Grand and Spruce avenues leading to the church corner, and also by laying a nice crushed rock sidewalk along the entire front of the church lot.

Mr. Howell, the new tenant at the ranch, has an appreciative eye for the beautiful. He has three men at work on the lawn and in the flower conservatory, and is rapidly making the ranch place look its old self again, as in the palm days of old. Mr. Howell is the head window-dresser of the Emporium and is a master at his art, ranking among the very first in his profession in the country.

The 9:17 a. m. train North, and the 8:45 a. m. train South, no longer stop at this place. These trains were used more by our people than any others. Since the opening up of the San Luis Obispo branch the business on the Coast Division has been almost more than the railroad could handle. The curves on the railroad in this locality are a great impediment to rapid travel, but South San Francisco, from a business standpoint, is the most important station, outside of San Jose, on this division of the Southern Pacific. The new arrangement is, we understand, merely temporary, and will last only during the rainy season of the winter months.

CITIZENS MUTUAL PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

Pursuant to call a meeting of the Citizens' Mutual Protective Association was held on Tuesday evening with President W. J. Martin in the chair. J. L. Vandebos was requested to ascertain the chances for purchasing a fire bell from the corporation yard of San Francisco, and the committee on fire bell was authorized to purchase a bell without delay.

The committee on fire bell was also requested to ascertain price of fire hose and report at next meeting.

The association adjourned to meet on Monday evening next at 8 o'clock.

Violent gales prevailed recently on the Spanish coast.

PROCEEDINGS OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

At the meeting of the San Mateo County Board of Health, held in San Mateo, on the 3d inst., Dr. I. R. Goodspeed, inspector, reported that he had visited and inspected sixteen dairies, had made a sanitary and physical inspection of 3,490 cows, had quarantined 50 and killed 5 cows, and that in the case of the animals slaughtered, a post-mortem showed the animals in each instance badly infected with tubercular disease. He further reported many dairies badly managed from a sanitary standpoint.

The inspector was instructed to enforce rigidly first-class sanitary measures with reference to all dairies within his jurisdiction.

The inspector was instructed to obtain a milk tester to be used in testing milk destined for consumption in San Mateo county.

The Inspector was instructed to visit dairies where he suspected the existence of tuberculosis and to make tuberculin tests, to kill all cattle found to be affected, and to hold a post-mortem in each case, complying fully with the requirements of the Government in making these tests, but to do no killing without first obtaining the written consent of the owner of such stock.

He was further instructed to file with the secretary a full report in each instance where diseased stock was found, and where the owner had refused to permit the same to be killed, giving name of dairy, name of owner, and attending circumstances.

MR. ALVORD ON SAN MATEO COUNTY BOARD OF HEALTH.

Mr. Alvord of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry, has been several weeks on this coast in the interest of his department looking towards the creation of sanitary regulation in California for the eradication of tuberculosis among dairy cattle. He has been in constant attendance at the various dairy conventions recently held in different parts of this State, and has been in frequent conference with the health authorities in San Francisco. This week he spent several days in San Mateo county and in conversation with Secretary W. J. Martin, he spoke in a complimentary manner of the course being pursued by the San Mateo County Board of Health in that they were not adopting extreme measures at the present time. After the Legislature meets in January, laws, he says, will undoubtedly be enacted which will justify more stringent efforts to be made in stamping out the pest of tuberculosis and at the same time not be the ruin of the dairy interests. Mr. Alvord takes a very sensible view of the situation and says that the agitation of this subject, as now being carried on, will result in great good to the public health.

MEETING OF THE BADEN REPUBLICAN CLUB.

A special meeting of the Baden Republican Club was held at the Courtroom on Tuesday evening, with J. Eikenkotter, president of the club, in the chair.

It was resolved to hold regular meetings of the club on Monday evening of each week, until and including the evening of November 2d.

It was also decided to arrange for holding two mass meetings prior to the election.

The secretary was requested to communicate with the Republican candidates for county and township offices and ascertain if it will be convenient for said candidates to be present at a mass meeting at this place on October 21st, for the especial benefit of the Republican county and township ticket.

The Executive Committee was authorized to make arrangements for a grand rally and mass meeting on the eve of election, November 2d.

A RAILROAD DISASTER NEAR MAYFIELD.

A freight train of the Southern Pacific was wrecked near Mayfield on the morning of the 9th. It appears that a number of freight cars had been left standing upon the main line; the engineer of the incoming train north, ignorant of the fact that the main line was blocked with the freight cars, ran his train into the cars standing on the main line causing a disastrous wreck of his train, and wrecking about twelve cars, which were piled up in utter ruin. Engineer Hagerty was killed and the fireman was so seriously injured that it is not known whether he will live. A wrecking train was immediately sent to the scene, and passengers and mail were transferred around the wreck.

SAN FRANCISCO QUARANTINE REGULATIONS.

A short time ago the Board of Health of San Francisco decided to quarantine all dairy products from outside counties unless regular Boards of Health were created in these counties and every effort made to eradicate tuberculosis among dairy stock. October 1st this order went into effect. The counties of Santa Clara, Alameda and San Mateo, each created Boards of Health and took the proper steps to create sanitary regulations. Marin county failed to do so, and as a result, the milk products from Marin county have been ordered quarantined from the San Francisco markets by the San Francisco Board of Health.

SOUND MONEY LEAGUE.

A special meeting of the Auxiliary Branch of the Sound Money League was held in the Postoffice building on Tuesday evening.

Some fifty-five additional members were enrolled. The secretary reported a large amount of sound money literature received and distributed.

PRESS NOTES.

The census of 1890 shows that there were 3,720 gold and silver mines in operation in the United States producing \$99,283,732 per year, while there were 183,000 of factories producing \$6,287,338,476 in manufactured goods. The mines gave employment to 57,307 people and the factories gave employment to 2,907,882 hands. Now, we would like to ask the farmer which industry is worth the most to him, the one that employs nearly three million or the one that employs a few thousand? If a few thousand miners can consume more of the farmers' products than the three millions of shop hands, then the farmer wants to vote for the opening of the mines and the closing of the factories. And when all our gold is shipped to Europe for manufactured goods we can join hands with Mexico, China, and other free silver nations where labor is worth 33 cents per day, and then we will be classed as "one of the most prosperous nations of the world."—Middletown Independent.

THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS.

The Board of Supervisors met in regular session Monday, with all members present, except Burke. The following reports of county officers were read and ordered filed:

Allowance for the month of Sept., 1896.	Amount	Balance in fund at beginning of fiscal year	Funds.
General Fund	\$1,000.00	\$1,000.00	General Fund
Indigent Fund	100.00	100.00	Indigent Fund
Sanitary Fund	50.00	50.00	Sanitary Fund
First Road Fund	25.00	25.00	First Road Fund
County Jail Fund	15.00	15.00	County Jail Fund
County Prisoner Fund	10.00	10.00	County Prisoner Fund
County Poor Fund	5.00	5.00	County Poor Fund
County Cemetery Fund	2.50	2.50	County Cemetery Fund
County Hospital Fund	1.25	1.25	County Hospital Fund
County Jail Fund	1.25	1.25	County Jail Fund
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Regarded purely as a means of amusement the capacity of the sea is almost as boundless as its extent, and he who goes to the seaside for no other purpose than to pass the long summer days will have no difficulty in finding employment for every hour. As a summer resort the seashore has always been popular; those who live near the ocean are not tempted to leave it during the season when it is most attractive and dwellers inland find the sea and shore a pleasant change from the city streets or landscapes in which water plays a small and quite subordinate part. For, after all, there is in the sea an infinite variety of aspect. He who conceives of the ocean as simply a level stretch of water knows nothing of it. Even when calm it is never twice the same, for the expe-



FUN FOR THE BOYS.

rienced eye will detect in its surface appearances changes of color here and there, relics of a storm that has gone by, omens of a storm that is to come. To sailors and fishermen and those who, in one way or another, make their living on its waves, it is a problem that never has been solved, a ques-

tion that never can be answered, and they never tire of watching its surface, gazing out upon it by the hour at a time, speculating upon its changes, for its moods outnumber those of a woman and its variations are more uncertain than those of a stock market.



THE DIVING RAFT.

At the summer resort, however, there is little thought of either art or sentiment in connection with the vast deep, which is regarded by the denizens purely as a source of revenue, and by the visitors simply as a means of amusement. The hotel keeper thinks of it solely as a means of drawing trade; the man who owns boats thinks the world of it, because if there were no sea there would be no boats, and he would have to hunt another job; the fisherman, who knows the habits of every individual fish on the coast and where it goes to get its breakfast, dinner and supper and to take its exercise, and can conduct the eager amateur to a place where you can pull them out as fast as you can throw in your hook, is, in his inmost soul, convinced that the sea exists for no other purpose than to furnish a place to fish in,

day, if he enjoys rowing he may bluster his hands and strain his intercostal muscles and the right and left hypochondria and his hypogastrum in a boat of almost any size and quality, from a paper racing shell to a craft which, in size, is first cousin to a whale boat, and, in immobility, is brother to a washtub. If he likes association with those who go down to the sea in ships, he can get it, for about such places there are always tars of the vintage of 1849, who can tell him tales of shipwreck and cannibalism, of service ashore and afloat, of adventures undergone in any part of the world he is interested in, and with equal readiness and volubility will describe to him their shipwrecks on the Barbary coast, and how they were made slaves and escaped by running away with the Sultan's favorite wife, or how they fought pirates off the coast of Tonguin, and had to blow up the ship and get away on a plank. He can visit the forecables of ships, the old-fashioned sailing variety, and hear nautical wonders until his hair will stand on end like quills of the freightful

Even if he has no higher motive than that of utilizing old ocean as a means of health and cleanliness, he may find amusement in that, though the first bucketful of cold salt water dashed on his unprotected person by a humorous bystander is apt to fill his mouth with cursing and cover his back with goose pimples. Even such an experience as this, however, after it is past, has its comic side, for he laughs as heartily as any one at the shudder that ran through his frame from the sudden shock.

If not particularly fond of bathing, he will find any quantity of amusement in watching those who are, and there are always among the bathers a sufficient number of feminine costumes to give zest to the spectacle. Whether the ladies who disport themselves on the beach of a seaside resort enjoy more the display of their bathing suits or the contact with the water is a question about which philosophers and experts will always differ, but it is quite probable that were a poll made of the female contingent at such places and honest opinions given, the suits would play quite as important a part in the business as the billows.



FUN IN THE BREAKERS.

serve with subjects, the poet with similes, the preacher with symbols, and the scientist with material so vast in quantity that, even now, after hundreds of years of research, he is forced to confess himself but on the threshold of the knowledge that remains. He has only, here and there, gathered a handful of sands; the ocean remains almost unexplored.

If a visitor enjoys fishing he may employ it as a steady avocation day after

The love of the sea is healthy, and the nerve-stimulating blow of the brine has in a few weeks often made of an almost hopeless invalid quite another man.

The unwonted exercise, the change of scene, the cheerful society to be found in these places, the fresh atmosphere, even the sight of the sea in its various moods, all are healthful influences and all tend to turn the channel of thought into new directions, to divert the at-



tention of the invalid from himself and his condition, to give him renewed hope, which, after all, is what not a few sick people need more than they do medicine. Life at the seashore is anything but humdrum. Bathing, rowing, yachting, fishing, promenading while the band plays, furnish sufficient idleness, if such a term is allow-



A TOO ATTENTIVE ATTENDANT.

able, for any one's day, but there are often scenes of thrilling interest to be witnessed. During even a calm summer there are storms, and any storm may furnish a sensation of mighty proportions. A shipwreck, the launching of the lifeboat at the station, the booming of the minute gun, the firing of rockets, the throwing of the life line, the coming ashore of the survivors, the taking up of a collection in their behalf, are all thrilling items that, with more or less exaggeration, furnish the material for many a story to be told and retold when the seashore summer birds have flitted to their city homes. A man who has gone through any experience of an unusual character will always have attentive listeners while he rehearses it. The most thrilling ocean experience to pass through is a shipwreck, but, of course, if a man has never been fortunate enough to be ac-

tually in a wreck, the next best thing is to see one, and if his imagination is sufficiently lively, he can polish up the story to such an extent as to make it quite as thrilling as though he himself had been lashed to the mast and made the sport of the waves for hours while the lifeboat vainly endeavored to reach the disabled ship. Tales of the sea are easily manufactured, and even if no wrecks occur at or near the summer re-



A FORECASTLE YARN.

sort to give an excuse for wreck yarns, sharks and sea serpents are always available as material, and even if all these sources of sea narrative fail, nothing is easier than to rig up in new toggery those that will be spun on the smallest provocation by the mariners who give instructions in rowing and sailing.

The natives along the seashore seem to understand the secret of long life. Every one who has spent a summer at a seaside resort has noted the remarkable number of old men and women to be seen on every hand, and this in spite of the theory that lack of excitement contributes to longevity. These things, however, are merely comparative. Human nature can accommodate itself to almost any surroundings, and, becoming accustomed to them, regard them, however exciting they may be to others, as everyday matters. Thus it is that fishermen and mountaineers live to old age, even in the midst of excitements and alarms, for those who spend their lives on the ocean have as many dangers to confront as those who pass their days in conflict with the unspeakable Turk.

ANDRE'S MONUMENT.

Vandals Have Chipped His Memorial in Westminster Abbey.

Near the center of the south wall of the nave is a monument to Major Andre of Revolutionary note. The very long inscription upon it begins, "Sacred to the memory of Major John Andre, who, raised by his merit, at an early period of life, to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his King and country, on the 2d of October, 1780, aged 29, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served and lamented even by his foes."

About the base of the monument, which is a panel set against the wall, are several small figures. These project from the panel, and represent the presentation of Major Andre's letter to General Washington on the night before his execution. The ease with which the heads of these figures could be broken off has been too great a temptation to relic-hunters, and most of the heads have been knocked off and stolen. That such vandalism is not wholly modern is shown from the fact that Charles Lamb writes of the defacing of this very monument in this way in his "Essays of Elia." Southey, the poet, when a boy, was a pupil at the Westminster School. Later in life he was exceedingly sensitive in regard to his political principles, and for a time a serious quarrel existed between himself and Lamb, because the latter, speaking in regard to this injury to Andre's monument, described it as "the wanton mischief of some school-boy, fired perhaps with raw notions of transatlantic freedom." Then, addressing Southey, he added: "The mischief was done about the time that you were a scholar there. Do you know anything about the unfortunate relic?"

There is now fastened upon the wall of the nave, above the monument, a wreath of oak leaves which Dean Stanley, when he visited America, gathered near the spot on the bank of the Hudson River where Andre was executed. Although Andre died in 1780, it was not until 1821 that, at the request of the Duke of York, his bones were exhumed and taken to England to be buried in the Abbey. The box in which they were placed for the voyage is still preserved in the oratory over St. Isidore's chapel, where the wax figures are kept.—St. Nicholas.

Chicago.

At the postoffice, in sorting over the letters from various parts of the world, one hundred and ninety-seven different ways of spelling "Chicago" have been found; among them were: "Jagjago," "Hipaho," "Jajigo," "Scheechacho," "Hizago," "Chachicho," and a scholarly resident of Finland indulges in "Zizazo."

Salvation Army Apostle—If you swear at those horses, my good man, you'll never go to heaven. Teamster (humbly)—I knows it, mum; but if I don't I'll never get to Tonawanda.—Buffalo Times.

Mrs. Wheeler—My husband and I decided not to go to Europe, because it takes too long to get there. Mrs. Jones—Too long? Mrs. Wheeler—Yes; fancy being unable to use one's wheel for six or seven days!—Puck.

THE CURFEW LAW.

Benefits Conceded by Every Community in Which One Is in Effect.

Edward W. Bok, in the Ladies Home Journal, reviews the provisions and operations of the curfew ordinance, which, in variously modified forms, has been adopted by municipal legislative bodies in the West. He gives hearty indorsement to the law, and asserts that, although it met with general opposition at first, there is not a city or town in which it has been enforced, that would have it abolished. "Wherever the curfew ordinance has gone into effect," Mr. Bok contends, "its advantages have been conceded. This is true now of over three hundred towns and cities, some as large in population as Omaha and Topeka. In each case the excellence of the law has become apparent, opposing parents have conceded its wisdom, and even children are said to be pleased with it. It has placed in the hands of the police a most effective weapon for clearing the streets of hoodlums at night, and in many cases where disorder reigned at street corners quietness, law and order now prevail. So well has the ordinance worked that reports, gathered from not less than forty of the towns where it is a law, show that the fine or imprisonment penalty has not been inflicted in a single case. The first caution has served the purpose. These reports show, too, that the ordinance is not enforced in any oppressive manner. In the case of evening winter or summer entertainments, which would keep the children out later than the curfew hour, authority is easily obtained and readily granted by the Mayor or town official for an extension of time. Its rigid enforcement is applied most strictly to the hoodlum element, and with this class the police claim they have never been able to deal so successfully. It will be at once obvious to all right-minded parents, I think, that they should give the weight of their influence to the curfew ordinance wherever it may be presented. * * * Taken from any and every standpoint, it is an excellent thing, and it may wisely be encouraged by parents all over our land."

LADY TENNYSON.

She Loved Her Husband and Home and Was an Ideal Poet's Wife.

Emily Selwood Tennyson, widow of the late poet laureate of England, died recently at the beautiful residence of the Tennyson family on the Isle of Wight. She had lived a secluded life, and like her husband, was unknown in English society. She might have been distinguished and even brilliant in the best of English drawing rooms, as in her own, had she so desired. Her opportunities, not only by reason of the laureate's fame as the greatest of living poets, but through



LADY TENNYSON.

her own fine mind and innate gentility, had been ample. She preferred, however, the quiet of the delightful place in the pretty island off Portsmouth, the care of her roses, the pleasure she extracted from her piano, and the affairs of her household, to the gaiety of city life or even the less severe burden of country society.

The poet and his wife were lovers even in their own old age. Lord Tennyson was 41 when they were married, and he had known her when she was a mere child. The marriage took place on June 13, 1850. Lady Tennyson was a fine musician and spent much of her time in arranging or composing pretty bits of melody, sometimes setting the line of her husband's sentimental sonnets to the airs she wove out of her thought.

Bride and Groom.

Our word "bride" is derived from the Anglo-Saxon verb "bredan"; to cherish; while "groom," or "grom," is an old Dutch word, which simply means a young man, and is quite different from the term applied to our equine domestics, which either comes from the Persian "garma" (a keeper of horses), or else from the Anglo-Saxon word "guma" (a caretaker or servant), and this word "groom" should really be spelled without the letter "r," for written "go,ie" it was, as expressive of a man servant, in use in England even as late as the civil wars of the seventeenth century.

Malachite.

Artificial malachite which is susceptible of a fine polish is made by precipitating a solution of sulphate of copper in the cold by carbonate of soda or of potash. The precipitate, which is voluminous, should be washed and dried and made into a paste with plaster of Paris and water. Allow the composition to harden.

Ancient Prepared Papyrus.

The parchments and papyrus used by the ancients seem to have had a special preparation, by virtue of which they absorbed the ink and thus caused the writing to be almost indelible.—Nashville American.

NIAGARA'S NEW BRIDGE.

It Will Be One of the Wonders of the World.

The new metal arch-bridge at Niagara Falls will be noteworthy in two respects. The new bridge is to be built over the old suspension structure, without interruption to traffic on the latter. The span from end pier to end pier will be 240 feet, making it the largest arch span in the world.

The suspension bridge now in use which has been familiar to all visitors to the great natural wonder for forty years, will be kept in place until the new arch is ready, as it would be impossible to construct false works over the Niagara gorge to sustain a structure of this class.

The span will have a rise of 150 feet from the level of the piers at the skew-backs to the center of the ribs at the crane of the arch, which point is 170 feet above low water. The depth of the trusses is 26 feet, and they will be 68.7 inches apart. The bridge will carry one floor, 46 feet wide, divided longitudinally into three parts. On the middle portion, which is 22 feet 9 inches wide, will be two trolley tracks. Each side of these tracks will be a roadway for carriages 8 feet wide and outside of these, raised 6 inches from the level of the roadway, will be the footpaths.

The construction of this remarkable span is from plans of L. L. Buck, engineer of the new East River bridge between New York and Brooklyn, and the author of the plans by which the railroad suspension bridge at Niagara was replaced by an arch bridge.

The approaching or flanking spans will be 190 feet long on the American side and 210 feet on the Canadian side. The total metal in the new structure will be about 4,000,000,000 pounds. Every confidence is expressed in Mr. Buck's ability to carry out his plans. The replacing of the railroad bridge by another without an hour's interruption of business was one of the engineering feats of the decade.

Those who have not seen the great structure at Niagara which it is intended to replace will hardly realize the stupendous character of the undertaking. Imagine the task of replacing the simplest sort of bridge without interrupting traffic, and then add about 1,000 per cent. to the difficulty. This will give something of an idea of what confronts engineers and builders.

In an undertaking of this nature the slightest error might be productive of infinite disaster. Every measurement must be accurate to a hair's breadth. Every portion of the great arch must perform its particular share of the great combination that will be one of the marvels of the world.

"All that is done must be accomplished quickly, for in affairs of this nature time is, indeed, money. Every man who can be utilized will join the army of construction. Perhaps no work of recent years has required, or will yet need, more skilled labor. In fact, in bridge building it is becoming unsafe to utilize labor of any other class. The bridge, when complete, will in truth be a work of genius in point of construction, as well as point of conception.

The work of preparing the material for the great structure has been in progress for some time, as little can be accomplished in an enterprise of this nature until the preliminaries are complete. When the effort of placing the different parts of the bridge is begun Niagara will be one of the busiest of busy places.—Railroad Gazette.

People Who Eat Periwinkles.

The periwinkle, known along shore as the "winkle," or "winkle," is probably the deadliest enemy of the oyster. While the starfish commits its depredations by boring through the shell, the "winkle" simply grasps its victim in the folds of its broad, flat foot and crushes the shell, then sucks out the meat. Oystermen declare that a large one will devour a bushel of oysters in an hour. Periwinkles are brought to Fulton market by oysterboats, and find a ready, though not extensive, sale. The young are the best, and usually fetch readily a cent and a half apiece. The usual price is \$1 a hundred for them as they run. Italian and French people buy most liberally, an ordinary family requiring a couple of dozen. Germans and English also buy. The method of cooking is by boiling, roasting or stewing—some like chowder made out of them. The taste is decidedly like that of a clam, only somewhat stronger. But the meat is very tough. Some people cook the eggs—those long, beadlike strings that are often found on the shore—but they are not to be had in the market.—New York Tribune.

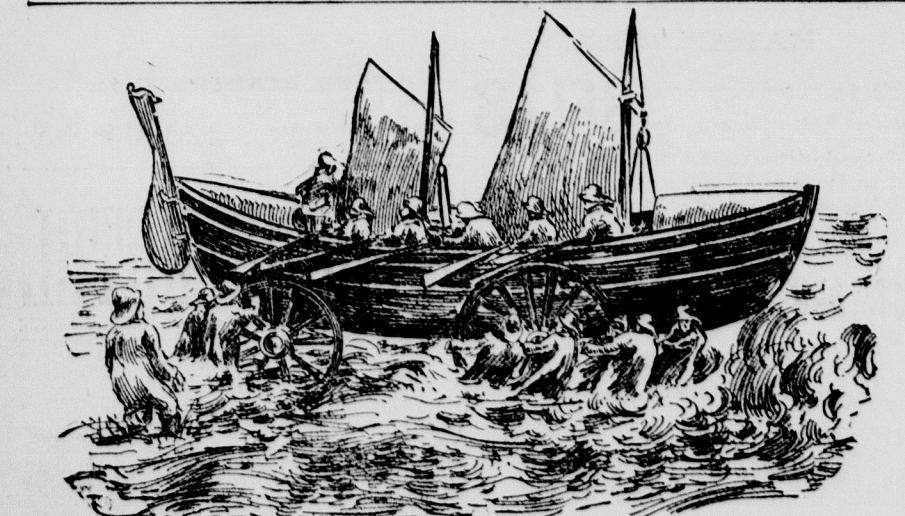
Some Delusive Drinks.

English temperance drinks have a large proportion of alcohol, according to recent testimony before the liquor commission. Of 638 samples of herb beer examined in 1894 by the inland revenue department 318 contained more than 2 per cent. of proof spirit and 130 more than 3 per cent. Pilsner beer was found to contain over 13 per cent., which is much stronger than ordinary beer. "Feetotal sherry," containing no grape juice, but compounded of sugar and bisulphide of lime, is declared to be a "most objectionable drink." A startling expert declaration was that old whisky, though more grateful to the taste, is no more wholesome than new.—Boston Herald.

A Nation's Ingratitude.

Mme. Josephine Jarecks, Count Pulaski's grandniece, who came to this country in 1873 to prosecute a claim against the United States Government for money advanced to the colonial confederation during the revolution by Pulaski, is now living in Brooklyn in poverty, dependent upon charity for bed and food.—Chicago Chronicle.

People still like to be humbugged, and circuses are scarce.



WHEN A WRECK IS SEEN.

While the bathing-house man is equally well satisfied that the illimitable ocean was made illimitable simply that it might provide endless facilities for

porcupine, and his eyes stand out like those of a crawfish, as sailors, for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, are as peculiar as Ah Sin himself.

THE ANGEL OF EVENTIDE.

Thou who dost cover all the land
In silence with thy soul of rest;
Hushing with soft and tender hand
Dark swaying pine and twittering nest:
From thy fair, placid, saffron skies
Come gently down with healing light
And seal with sleep woe's weary eyes
Throughout the watches of the night!

Thou upon whom thy pinions fair
Doth bear the sounds of vesper bells
Upon the holy twilight air,
O'er breezy downs and flowery dells;
Amidst the loud-tongued, brazen psalm
And silvery songs that sweetly roll
Bring thou heaven's healing, perfect calm
To every stricken, weary soul!

Thou who upon the quiet graves
Dost calmly spread thy mantle gray;
Bedew the grass which o'er them waves
When kith and kin are far away.
Kiss those who, in the gloom of death,
Through all night's dreary watches weep;
And whisper with thy healing breath,
"He giveth his beloved sleep!"

Thou who in far-back Hebrew days
Didst smile on Bethlehem's harvest gold
When fair Ruth stood, with wistful gaze
Between the new life and the old,
Deep yearning for the nobler part
Beneath the holy, saffron skies;
Smile chastely on each maiden's heart,
And fix on Truth her eager eyes!

Thou who on star-crowned Olivet
Didst leave him in the waning light
Reluctant off, his fair locks wet
With the cold dew of falling night;
Who oft didst light with kindly sky
His way to sacred Bethany;
Have pity on the weary's sigh,
And lift each lone one's misery!

Thou who, with mystic, tender charm,
Didst bring all weary ones to rest—
The folded lambs safe home from harm,
The babe close to its mother's breast,
The swallows to the sheltering eaves,
The lark down to his grassy sod;
Make sweet our dreams which Fancy weaves,
And leave us in the love of God!
—Sunday Magazine.

A FUNNY WORLD.

Vernon and I were sitting in the club. It was late. The last bus had rolled home and Piccadilly was almost deserted save for an occasional cab that drove by with a flash of lamps and tinkling of bells.

Vernon lit another cigar and puffed away in silence.

"What you were saying just now about a short life and a jolly one," he said at last, "set me thinking about poor old Jim Barham. He was awfully like you in many ways. You remember him, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"Ah, he was before your time," said Vernon, settling himself more comfortably in his chair. "He was one of the best chaps that ever lived. I only wish to heaven he were here now. I tell you what, old boy, we'll have another drink and I'll tell you his story; it's a queer one. Waiter!"

When the waiter had put down the drinks and left the room Vernon began:

"Well, to begin with," he said, "I must tell you that Jim Barham, when I first met him (which, by the way, was up at Oxford), was looked upon as the luckiest young fellow going. He was good looking, strong as a horse, and his father was one of the richest men in England. The old man had made a devil of a lot of money in trade—I forget what sort—and Jim was his only son. He and I were great pals at the varsity, though, of course, I—being on a comparatively small allowance—couldn't keep quite up with his way of living. Well, to cut part of a long story short, one day the old man went broke. God knows what broke him—speculation of some sort, I suppose; anyhow, he failed for all he was worth and Jim was left an absolute beggar. As soon as he heard the news Jim left Oxford, and I only saw him for a few minutes at the station, when he cried like a child. My time at the varsity was over at the end of the term, and Jim promised to come and stop with me at my people's in Norfolk. I never saw him again in two years."

Vernon stopped to knock the ash off his cigar.

"Go on," I said impatiently, for I was getting interested.

"I tried all I could to find out his whereabouts," Vernon went on, "but all to no purpose. No one knew where he was or where he had gone to. At last, after two years, I met him again. It was at a little Bohemian restaurant in Soho, one of those places where they feed you for practically nothing. I had gone there out of pure curiosity, and the first person I saw in the place was Jim. He didn't seem anything like as pleased to see me as I was to see him, and it was some time before I could get him to tell me what he was doing. When he did, his story was a sad one. His poor old father had died soon after the failure and left Jim absolutely penniless and alone in the world. No one would stir a finger to help him, and he, who had never done a stroke of real work in his life, had to look out for some way of earning a living. He came to London, starved for nearly a year, and at last managed to get a job as 'super' in some theater or other. That was, he told me, what he was doing then. His clothes were old and dirty, he hadn't shaved for a week, and there were great dark lines under his eyes that told a thousand tales. I begged him to let me help him, but he refused all offers, swore that he would get rid of himself if something better didn't turn up, and then left me without even shaking hands."

"After that I often saw him about, but he would never let me get near, and would slink away directly he saw me. Every time I met him he seemed to look more wretched, shabbier and dirtier, and one day I knew how low he had sunk, poor devil! for I saw him parading Piccadilly with sandwich boards

strapped across his back and a general look about him that told of drink and nothing else. After this I lost sight of him again, and I must confess that, in the bustle of business and the excitement of political affairs, I almost forgot his existence.

"One morning, however, about two years later, when I was sitting over a late breakfast, my servant came in and told me a rough, dirty-looking man wanted to see me.

"I told him you were at breakfast, sir," West said, "but he said that didn't matter, he was sure you'd see him all the same."

"What name did he give?" I asked, wondering who on earth my visitor could be.

"Barham, I think he said, sir," my servant replied.

"I jumped up and ran into the hall, and there I found Jim sitting."

"Come in, old man," I said, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Jim followed me into the dining room, and when I shut the door sat down at the table and cut off a great chunk of bread.

"I'll speak when I've eaten a bit," he said, and broke into a laugh. "Funny thing, a man with £100,000 being nearly starved!"

"I looked at the poor chap anxiously, thinking his head had been turned with the trouble he had gone through, but though he was in an even dirtier and more ragged condition than when I last saw him, he had no look of the madman."

"When he had crammed the last piece of bread into his mouth he jumped up and seized me by the shoulders.

"I am not mad, old chap, or dreaming, though you know you think I am. Look at this letter, and then tell me if you don't think this is a devilish funny world."

"I read the letter quickly.

"Good heavens, it's true!" was all I could say.

"Yes," said Jim, "I'm the proud possessor of £100,000, left me by an old uncle who refused to give me a cent six months ago. By —, it is a devilish funny world."

"He fell into a chair and burst into a roar of laughter, and I couldn't help joining him.

"But look here, old boy," Jim said, suddenly growing serious again, "this is not all I came for. I came to tell you that you've got to share this with me. We'll have a real good time with this money. It's no use shaking your head, you must join me. And I'll tell you what I'm going to do with it. I'm not going to invest it or speculate with it or do any of that nonsense. I'm going to spend it. I've had a ghastly, awful time of it for the last six years; I've lived among people you'd scarcely care to touch; I've been an outcast, a scum of the earth, a sewer rat. And it's all because of the lack of this confounded money. Now I've got it I'm going to make it pay me back for some of the ills its want has caused me. I'm going to live for five years. I shall have £20,000 a year and you'll share it with me; and on this day five years hence, when the money's all gone—as it will be—I'm going to blow my brains out!"

"He stopped for a moment and began to pace up and down the room.

"Don't talk like that," I said; "you know you don't mean it." He came up to me, put his hands on my shoulders and looked me straight in the face.

"Old chap," he said solemnly, "I do mean it. I am going to live for five years, and I swear before God that on this day five years hence I shall put a bullet into my brain. I swear it."

Vernon broke off and looked at the clock.

"I say, it's getting very late," he said; "I'll finish this yarn another day."

"No, no; go on," I said.

"Well, Jim got his money all right, banked it and started to live. He went in for every kind of luxury, yachting, racing, shot—did everything a man with £20,000 a year can do. I was with him a great deal, and tried to put a check on some of his excesses, but all to no purpose. He lived a very devil of a life, was never in bed before 7 in the morning, smoked like a chimney, drank like a fish and played old Harry with his constitution generally. It was no good trying to argue with him; if one did his answer always was, 'I'm only going to live for five years, old boy, and I mean to enjoy those years, I can tell you!'"

"For four years this life went on, and he then woke up one morning to find he had only got £10,000 and one year of life left, and—he was madly in love with a woman. She was a widow, absolutely penniless, but as handsome as paint, and as attractive in the bargain. Poor old Jim became her abject slave. He was always about with her, loaded her with presents, and I gradually saw less and less of him. One day, however, he wrote to me and asked me to come around to his rooms, as he had something special he wanted to say to me. I went and found him in a very excited state, pacing up and down his room like a madman.

"I've been a fool," he said almost as soon as I had closed the door, "a confounded idiot. I have been living like a beast for four years and a half, and thought I was enjoying myself. I made an idiotic vow, and my money's all gone, barring £10,000. Curse it, what a fool I've been!"

"You know the proverb about split milk, Jim," I said.

"He sunk into a chair with a kind of groan.

"Yes, I know," he said, "but, hang it, I can't help crying over it. For I'm in love with the best and loveliest woman in the world, and she'd marry me tomorrow—only I have wasted most of my money. Ah, old boy, as I told you four years ago, it's a funny world. I have made a confounded mess of my life and I suppose I deserve what I've got, but it's hard, devilish hard!"

"Poor old boy," was all I could say. Jim squeezed my hand hard and sat

silent, staring into the glowing fire as if there he might find some way out of his perplexity. I shall never in my life forget that hour in his rooms. I can see the whole scene quite plainly at this moment. The cozy, well-furnished room, the pictures on the walls and Jim's sad face showing up distinctly with the red glow of the firelight on it—I tell you that scene's photographed on my memory.

"I should think we sat like that for close on half an hour and then Jim suddenly sprang up.

"I have it," he shouted. "I know what I'll do. Look here. I've got £10,000 left. Well, I'm going to try my luck on the Stock Exchange. If things turn up trumps I'll marry and try and live a decent life. If they don't, well, hang it, I'll keep my vow and have done with it. They tell me a revolver bullet doesn't hurt much. It's so soon over."

"By the time I left him Jim and I had agreed to go and see a very clever stock broker—a friend of mine—the next day, and ask him to do his best."

"It's such a funny world," Jim said as he shook my hand. "Perhaps I may be lucky, and then my vow can go to the devil and my revolver into the gutter."

"Well, you know what a queer jade Dame Fortune is said to be, and in Jim's case she lived up to her reputation. My friend made money for him hand over fist. Every company he put money into seemed as if it couldn't go wrong, and, as things were booming, Jim made about £30,000 or £40,000 in three or four months. But he wouldn't be satisfied with that.

"I'll go on," he said, "till the day before that on which I was to fulfill my vow, and on that day, no matter what the conditions of the market, I'll sell every blessed share I've got; and then, if all goes well, I'll be married the next week."

"I didn't see him much during the succeeding two months, as I was very busy at the time, but he kept sending me notes telling me all was going well, and, knowing what shares he held, I could see on reference to the papers that he must have made a pot of money."

"At last the day came on which he was to sell every share he held. He came into the club—this very club, by the way—about 2 in the afternoon, and I could see by his face that things had gone all right with him.

"Congratulations, old chap," he said, "that's all. I wrung his hand hard. 'When you've done squashing my hand, old boy,' he said, 'I want you to come round to my place.'"

"We took a cab and were soon there. 'Now, said Jim, 'I'm going to chuck this revolver away, and then I shall feel as free as a lark.'"

"He took the pistol from a drawer, opened one of the windows and threw it far away into the park below.

"And there goes the last of my bad luck, please heaven!" he shouted gayly. "And to-night you and I and the future Mrs. Barham shall have a dinner together to celebrate the event, and on this day week I'm going in for matrimony."

"And bliss, I hope," I added laughingly.

"I don't hope, old boy, I know," Jim said.

"We three dined together that night, and Jim was in the best of spirits. He seemed to have taken a new lease of life, and I could see that the woman he was going to marry really cared for him. She seemed, too, as good as she was lovely."

"Jim and I went on to the club afterward and sat up late talking.

"Do you remember this day five years ago," he said as we parted on the doorstep. I nodded.

"Well, isn't it a devilish funny world?" he answered, laughing.

"He was right, poor, dear old chap. And it was even funnier than he expected, for that very night the Three Sisters held a consultation over him and before dawn broke Antropos had cut in two the thread of his life."

"I say, it is late," Vernon broke off, and his voice was rather husky. "You go my way, don't you? Well, come on, I'll drop you."—Pick-Me-Up.

Obedient Instructions.

Much is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by the rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is narrated by a prominent Western lawyer.

His 12-year-old son, a boy of great spirit, but with no overabundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting instructions, placed one restriction upon the boy's amusement during his visit.

"I don't want you to go out in your cousin's canoe," he said, firmly. "They are used to the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have and the horses and dogs, you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time and keep your mother from worrying all the while you're away."

The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthusiastic over the pleasures he had enjoyed.

"And I didn't mind canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was last day, to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise, and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across."—Chicago News.

Mazeppa Residence in Decay.

The estate of Vaturino, the old historical residence of Mazeppa, the Hetman of the Ukraine Cossacks, in the Government of Kieff, once famous for its beauty and splendor, has now fallen into ruin and decay.

EMPEROR WILLIAM AND HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.



(From the latest photograph.)

WITH BABIES FOR BAIT.

Hunters in Ceylon Lure Crocodiles to Their Death.

The fondness of crocodiles for babies is used by hunters in Ceylon to lure the reptiles to death. A nice, fat baby is tied by the leg to a stake near some pond or lagoon where crocodiles abound. Soon the child begins crying and the sound attracts the crocodiles within hearing distance. They start out immediately for the wailing infant.

The hunter in the meantime conceals himself in the bushes or swamp grass near the baby, with a rifle in his hand projecting out and almost over the child. He remains perfectly quiet and the reptile, intent on its prey, notices nothing but the screaming and kicking child. As the monster approaches to within a few feet of the bait the hunter sends a bullet directly into the alligator's eye, causing instant death. A miss would mean death for the baby, but the hunters are expert shots and at the short distance at which they fire a miss is next to impossible. As a rule the sound of the firearm scares the baby worse than the presence of the crocodile's jaws and the rows of sharp and glistening teeth, but after being shot

and speaking to each other in this date and meritorious fashion!—"With ever new delight we now attend The counsels of our fond maternal friend."

"The Western Idea."

It seems just a bit strange and awkward that as we grow older as a people we cannot get away from this "Western idea," this stigmatizing a portion of our country because it is accomplishing with certain enterprising methods what could not possibly be accomplished by any other. It cannot be that we are jealous in the East, because we attach so much importance to the West. It cannot be that we are ashamed of the West, because we like to speak with pride of it. Its people cannot differ so very much from us since half of the American West is really made up of Eastern folks. But yet we go on and on, and everything in the West that is not to our taste is "the Western idea of things." * * Surfelting with sectionalism, we are full of the notion that one part of our country is superior to another. We have still to learn and imbibed the idea that America is America, whether it be New York, Boston, Chicago, Denver or San Francisco. * *



USING A BABY FOR CROCODILE BAIT.

over a few times the child takes the shooting as a matter of course and pays little attention to it. So expert are many of the hunters that they do not shoot the alligator until it has approached to within a few feet of the baby. Then, with but a few inches of space between the muzzle of the rifle and the eye of the alligator, the fatal shot is fired.

School Theatricals a Century Ago.

Miss Agnes Repplier writes a little sketch entitled "At School a Hundred years Ago" for St. Nicholas. Of one form of diversion allowed the pupils, Miss Repplier writes:

Few things more amusing than Miss Wifford's "Early Recollections" have ever been told in print. We know everybody in that school as intimately as Mary Wifford knew them in the year 1796. The English teacher who was so wedded to grammar and arithmetic—Mary hated to study; the French teacher whom she both loved and feared, who had a passion for neatness, and used to hang around the children's necks all their possessions found out of place, from dictionaries and sheets of music to skipping ropes and dilapidated dolls; the school girls who came from every part of England and France; above all, the school plays—"The Search After Happiness," which they were permitted to act as a great treat, because Miss Hannah More had written it. If you know nothing about "The Search After Happiness" you have no real idea how dull a play can be. Four discontented young ladies go forth to seek "Urania," whose wisdom will teach them to be happy. They meet "Florella," a virtuous shepherdess, who leads them to the grove where Urania lives. Here they are kindly received, and describe all their faults at great length to their hostess, who sends them brimful of good advice to their respective homes. Think of a lot of real school girls acting such a drama.

We have to learn in this country to accept a man as an American whether he lives in Chicago or in Portland, in New York or in Tacoma! He lives in America, and that makes him not an Eastern man, nor a Western man, nor a Southern man, but an American, living not after an Eastern idea, a Western fashion, nor a Southern fancy, but under one central American idea: equality.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Their Customs.

A lady who dines with the family of a German professor found the table customs very odd. As soon as those at the table were helped they at once cut up all that was on their plates, and then putting their knives down leaned on the table with their left hands, and with their forks disposed of the food with celerity and without interruption. At supper the hostess ground and cooked the coffee at the table, and the butter was taken with individual knives out of an earthen pot that was used in common. Cheese was served and secured in a similar manner, and was smeared over thick slices of buttered bread. When the eating was finished everybody still sat and watched the hostess wash the dishes, which she did at table, using the snowiest of napkins, without wetting her fingers, while the master puffed a cigar.

The Crook.

In some parts of Scotland it was customary to carry a newly born child three times round the iron "crook" which hangs in the middle of an old-fashioned chimney, and serves to support cooking-pots, the ceremony being supposed to insure the infant's future prosperity. To double up the chain of the "crook" at night prevents witches coming down the chimney.

"I have a poem on the sea," said the lover. "I think I'll take John," replied the maiden. "He has a ship there."—Atlanta Constitution.

DEATH OF PRESTER JOHN.

Marco Polo Tells of His Defeat by the Great Mongol Khan.

Now the story goes that when Prester John became aware that Chinghis, with his host, was marching against him, he went forth to meet him with all his forces, and advanced until he reached the same plane of Tanduc and pitched his camp over against that of Chinghis Kaan, at a distance of twenty miles. And then both armies remained at rest for two days that they might be fresher and heartier for battle.

So when the two great hosts were pitched on the plains of Tanduc as you have heard, Chinghis Kaan one day summoned before him his astrologers, both Christians and Saracens, and desired them to let him know which of the two hosts would gain the battle, his own or Prester John's. The Saracens tried to ascertain, but were unable to give a true answer; the Christians, however, did give a true answer, and showed manifestly beforehand how the event should be. For they had got a cane and split it lengthwise, and laid one half on this side and one half on that, allowing no one to touch the pieces. And one piece of cane they called Chinghis Kaan and the other piece they called Prester John. And then they said to Chinghis: "Now mark! and you will see the event of the battle, and who shall have the best of it; for whose cane soever shall get above the other, to him shall victory be." He replied that he would fain see it, and bade them begin. Then the Christian astrologers read a psalm out of the Psalter, and went through other incantations. And lo! whilst all were beholding, the cane that bore the name of Chinghis Kaan, without being touched by anybody, advanced to the other that bore the name of Prester John, and got on the top of it. When the Prince saw that, he was greatly delighted, and seeing how in this matter he found the Christians to tell the truth, he always treated them with great respect, and held them for men of truth forever after.

And after both sides had rested well those two days they armed for the fight and engaged in desperate combat; and it was the greatest battle that ever was seen. The numbers that were slain on both sides were very great, but in the end Chinghis Kaan obtained the victory. And in the battle Prester John was slain. And from that time forward, day by day, his kingdom passed into the hands of Chinghis Kaan till the whole was conquered.

I may tell you that Chinghis Kaan reigned six years after this battle, engaged continually in conquest, and taking many a province and city and stronghold. But at the end of those six years he went against a certain castle that was called Canju, and there he was shot with an arrow in the knee, so that he died of his wound. A great pity it was, for he was a valiant man and a wise.—St. Nicholas.

Utilizing Old Shoes.

Old shoes are not waste, from the standpoint of modern industry. After they have done their service and are discarded by the first wearers, a second-hand dealer restores the worn shoes to something like their former appearance and they are sold again, to be worn a little longer by the poorer classes. When the shoes are finally discarded by them they are still good for various purposes. In France such shoes are bought up in quantities by rag dealers and sold in factories, where the shoes are taken apart and submitted to long manipulations, which turn them into a paste, from which the material is transformed into an imitation leather, appearing very much like the finest morocco. Upon this material stylish designs are stamped, and wall papers, trunk coverings and similar articles are manufactured from it. Another French industry using old dilapidated shoes is the transforming of old into new footwear. This is the principal occupation of the pillory convicts imprisoned in the fortress of Monpellier. There the shoes are taken apart, all the nails are taken out, and then the leather is soaked in water some time to soften it. From those pieces that can be used are cut the uppers for children's shoes, and parts of the soles are similarly used. The smallest pieces of leather are applied to be used in high Louis XV. heels, which were so much in style a few years ago. Even the nails of the old shoes are used again. They are separated by a magnet, which attracts the steel nails, while the copper and brass nails are carried on further. The price received for the old copper nails alone almost pays for the first cost of the old shoes. Clippings and cuttings of the leather are also used, being turned into a paste from which artificial leather is made, and what is not good enough to serve for this purpose is sold with the sweepings to agriculturists in the neighborhood, who use this paste with great success as a fertilizer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Hope.

"I hear you belong to a literary society, Miss Wilkes."

"Yes. We were discussing Bumbleton's posthumous novel last Tuesday."

"Really? And what did you decide?"

"That it was better than anything he ever did when he was alive. We hope he'll keep on."—Harper's Bazar.

Heartless Creature.

First Chum—I'll never speak to that Fred Bampton again. He had the audacity to back out of the parlor the other night throwing kisses at me.

Second Chum—Why, the heartless creature! And you right there within reach!—Detroit Free Press.

An Explanation.

"Will you have sugar on the banana, dearie?" asked mamma, as she sliced the fruit.

"No," replied Starling, aged 3. "They sweet. I s'pose the man put in sugar when he cook 'em."—Judge.

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